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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Music and Friends; or, Pleasant Recollections of a Dilettante. By William Gardiner. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Longman and Co.; Leicester, Combe and Crossley.

This is a strange gossiping work of some nine hundred pages, and quite as many subjects. The author is well known to the musical world by his numerous publications—"Sacred Melodies," "Lives of Haydn and Mozart," "Oratorio of Judah," "Music of Nature," &c.; and in his private capacity, as a great stocking manufacturer in Leicester. To the *fanatico per la musica* he seems to add an equal ardour in politics, and hardly less in religion; so that the staple commodities in his work are music and musicians, Whigism of the move-along school, notices of manufactures and manufacturers, dissenting opinions, and occasional remarks on all other sorts of things and all other sorts of persons. Much that he tells us is not new, and no arrangement seems to be aimed at; for even the music, and about 350 songs, airs, glees, &c., are introduced where the text has no relation whatever to them, and, like the straws in amber (though most of them are well worth revival and preservation), we are left to wonder "how the d—l they got there." On the whole, there is much to amuse the reader; and the lovers of music will, we think, be a good deal pleased with the reminiscences of that science and its professors.

We will run through the score of the first volume to throw a light upon these few introductory remarks, and begin with an early anecdote, premising that Mr. Gardiner entered this breathing world so long ago as March 1770, and states that he has a clear recollection of some circumstances from about two years after that epoch. *Inter alia* he says:—

"I shall allude to the incident that first drew my attention to musical sounds, a subject which of all others will give a tinge to the following desultory pages. Having been put into a suit of nankeen, which had a smart appearance, Dr. Arnold, our near neighbour, requested to have my clothes tried on his son, who was of the same age. For this purpose I was carried in the morning to the doctor's house, stripped, and put into bed to the historian, Mrs. Macauley. To be thus unceremoniously denuded, made me very indignant; to pacify me, they set a-going the chimes of a musical clock which stood by the bedside. I was greatly delighted, and so reconciled to my situation, that it was with difficulty I could be taken away; and I consider this incident to have first awakened my attention to the beauty of musical sounds."

It must have been a shocking thing for the poor child to put him to bed to Mrs. Macauley; and we rather fancy that this fact has given him a somewhat distorted vision of history, for we do not discover entire accuracy in all his recollections. Thus, at p. 282, he tells us that Hatfield was confined in Newgate for life—he lived very comfortably in Bedlam—and makes a number of similar mistakes. But it will be more entertaining to pick out his plums, than to point out and dwell upon the worthy old gentleman's lapses of memory. He is more at home on bell-tuning.

"The tuning of bells is a difficult task, inasmuch as some of them do not emit a distinct or homogeneous tone. As all bells utter more sounds than one, they should be so cast that the key-note predominates over every other sound, and that the harmonics should be the 12th and 17th above the low note. This combination produces that sprightly ringing tone which every one admires. A beautiful instance of this occurs in the old five o'clock bell at St. Mary's. In the still of the morning you may hear the harmonics, if you are at a distance, long before the real tone reaches you. But there is a great caprice in bells; they utter all sorts of tones. The tenor of St. Martin's gives out the minor third, which imparts to it a mournful effect. The lively bell at St. George's is the note A, which is not a foundation note; an attentive listener may hear the key-note F murmuring a major third below."

The introduction of Beethoven's music, in 1794, is described with taste and enthusiasm. The Abbé Dobler, chaplain to the elector palatine, was the cause.

"At this juncture, he had just published the violin trio in E \flat , when the abbé, fortunately, in the hurry of his departure, put this work into his trunk with some quartets of Haydn and Wransky. On arriving at Leicester he sought my acquaintance, and with the assistance of Mr. Valentine, the professor, this trio of Beethoven was first played in the year 1794, many years previous to its being known in London. How great was my surprise on hearing this composition, accustomed as I had been to the smooth-swimming harmonies of Corelli, the articulated style of Handel, and the trite phraseology of the moderns! for at that time we had only one symphony of Haydn, and not a note of Mozart. What a new set of sensations, I repeat, did this composition produce in me! It opened a fresh view of the musical art, in which sounds were made to excite the imagination entirely in a different way. The music I had hitherto heard was disposed in a certain order, agreeably to fixed rules—a species of language in which, on hearing the first word, you could tell what would be the last; and in many cases the succession of notes seemed to be the mere result of the mechanical motion of the fingers. By Beethoven's music the most natural and pleasing reminiscences were awakened in me, which the strains of the old school never could have produced. The effects of simple melody, connected with pleasing words, must have existed from all time, and its consequent pleasure must have been felt by every people; but in the compositions of Beethoven, we have an art, *sui generis*, in which sounds by themselves operate upon the imagination, without the aid of words, raising it to the highest regions of thought."

Again, of another prodigy:—

"About the year 1782, young Crotch was brought to Leicester as a musical prodigy, being then not more than five years old. He was brought first to our house, and played upon the piano-forte as he sat upon his mother's knee. At that time there were not more than two or three piano-fortes in the town or neighbourhood; mine was esteemed a good one,

made by John Pholman, I suppose in Germany, and before any were made in England. Upon this instrument Crotch first exhibited his extraordinary talent in Leicester. I laid before him Handel's organ concertos, which, without difficulty, he played at sight. He was a delicate, lively boy, and, next to music, was most fond of chalking upon the floor. I was much surprised to see how readily he sketched a ship in full sail, during which I struck some notes on the piano, forming a confused sound, and requested he would tell me the notes of which it was composed. This he did instantly, while so employed. A concert was convened of the amateurs at the Exchange for his benefit, at which he performed several pieces to the admiration of the audience. After this, he exhibited his talent upon the violin, which he played left-handed, and being very small of his age, he stood in a chair to lead the concert. In one of the pieces he stopped Mr. Tilley, who was the principal violoncello, and pointed out a passage—infant as he was—that our grave performer had played incorrectly. Such early indications of talent gave high expectations of future greatness, and had he not gone into the schools to be saturated with the rigid harmonies of the ancients, which sealed up his genius, we might have boasted of a native Mozart."

Pass we to a contrast, an unhappy one for England, in which music, we fear, plays but an insignificant part; for, alas! in every thing "old times are changed, old manners gone."

"At this time (says our author) every village had its wake, and the lower orders were comparatively in a state of ease and plenty. Then every place was proud of its Maypole and spacious green, kept for sports and pastimes; but what contributed to their solid comforts was the common and open field, upon which they kept their pig and poultry, and sometimes a cow. When the wake came, the stocking-maker had peas and beans in his snug garden, and a good barrel of humming ale. To these comforts were added two suits of clothes, a working suit and a Sunday suit; but, more than all, he had leisure, which in the summer-time was a blessing and delight. The year was chequered with holidays, wakes, and fairs; it was not one dull round of labour. Those who had their frames at home seldom worked more than three days in a week. The Maypole, with its pastimes, and the games of single-stick and wrestling, have now disappeared. These were the sports of the ruder part of the peasantry; the artisans, who were more cultivated, had their amusements at home; they were members of the village choir, and on the wake Sunday, every one that had a voice, and could lend a hand with hautboy, bassoon, or flute, repaired to the singing-loft in the church, to swell with heart and voice the psalm or anthem; the clowns below gaping with mute surprise. These harmless recreations are for ever gone. The quavering strains of Arnold, Tansur, Knapp, and Bishop, we hear no more."

Nor many more important things. Political associations, alehouses with inflammatory and disgusting periodicals, "demonstrations," factory labour; nothing but toil, and every harmless amusement prohibited or neglected: such has

our country become with the march of knowledge and the progress of improvement!!! Let us go to some other topic.

"At the time I visited Lincolnshire, thousands of acres in the fens produced nothing but reeds, peat, geese, and wild-fowl; and I never entered the White Hart at Spilsby, but I dined off a wild-duck; the finest thing, in my estimation, the country produces. I well recollect spending a winter's evening in this comfortable inn, and meeting with a fine young chivalric fellow, whose manners bespoke him no ordinary person. He was the eldest son of a shopkeeper in the place, of the name of Franklin; and though he had no opportunities of seeing the world but by his occasional trips to Manchester to buy cotton goods, he had acquired intelligence and manners that one would little expect to find in such a corner of the world. He invited me to breakfast, and I was much pleased with his two amiable sisters. In a recess, close to the fire, was a diminutive piano-forte, by which I introduced myself, playing a canzonetta of Haydn's. Amongst the ladies' drawings, I was shewn a portrait of a brother then studying in Cambridge. This gentleman afterwards resided in my own town, became eminent at the bar, arrived at the title of Sir Willingham Franklin, and died chief judge in India. My heroic friend, the shopkeeper, died soon afterwards; but another brother I then noticed serving behind the counter, is now, I believe, the celebrated Sir John Franklin, of the North Pole."

Another personal notice will be found in the following:—

"At the peace of Amiens I determined to visit the French capital, and arrived at Dover, on my way thither, July the 1st, 1802. Such was the crowd of emigrants returning to France, that we could not procure a berth in any of the packets. After waiting a couple of days, we were fortunate enough to be taken on board a cutter by Mr. Silvester, a king's messenger. It blew a gale of wind when we set off, the vessel was small, and I suffered horribly from sickness. Providentially we arrived safe at Calais, after having been drenched by the sea which constantly broke over us. The moment we entered the inn I desired to go to bed, as I was dying with cold, but could not recollect the French for a warming-pan. Addressing myself to the *filie de chambre*, I said 'Apportez-moi votre instrument pour le lit,' which drew from the girls in the kitchen a burst of laughter; but I was not in the mood to join them. * *

"One of my first objects in Paris was to be present at the fête on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the Revolution; and, for this purpose, my friend, Mr. Cape, procured me a letter of introduction to General Mortier, from Mr. Silvester of Manchester, with whom Mortier had served his clerkship as a merchant. On my arrival I found the general was commander of the city, residing at the *Etat Major*—what we should call the Horse-Guards of Paris."

We will now extract some of our author's better and least familiar stories, &c.

"My German friend, the Abbé Dobler, who was an admirer of Frederick the Great, for his taste in music and his love of literature, recounted to me an instance of his liberality worth recording. His majesty was an early riser, and, in the summer, soon after four o'clock, would stroll, in a common dress, into the country. As he was returning from one of his walks, he was joined by a young curate, cheerily smoking his pipe. 'Good morning, friend,' said the king, 'my pipe is out; can you

give us a light?' when the stranger, in a humorous manner, presented a pistol tinder-box at the king; and, as he struck down the flint, sharply cried, 'Snaps!' The king could scarcely refrain from laughing; lit his pipe, and said, 'What! are you for Berlin?' 'Yes,' said he, 'and, I am afraid, upon a sleeveless errand.' 'What may that be?' 'Why, there is a living to be given away, and my mother would have me try for it; but I stand no chance, though I've got my credentials with me, for these matters go by favour.' 'But don't you know any great man at court,' said the king, 'that could speak for you?' 'No, none; none that would serve me: to be sure, there is the Baron Shultz, who was my father's friend, but he knows me not.' 'I would have you call on the lord chamberlain,' said the old gentleman, 'I dare say he would listen to you.' They now came to a point where the roads separated, and the king's pipe being out, he again asked for another light, and the curate presented his pistol with another 'Snaps!' On arriving at Berlin the petitioner determined to brave the proposed interview, and sallied forth to the palace, where, to his great surprise, he was courteously received and desired to wait. Presently the chamberlain made his appearance, took his petition, saying the gift of the living was in the king, and that his majesty would shortly grant him an audience. Terrified at this unexpected command, in trepidation he advanced to the royal apartment, not daring to look up. The moment he had entered the king met him, and in a loud voice, as he thrust the benefice into his hand, cried 'Snaps!' The petitioner, recognising the sound of his voice, raised his eyes, and discovered in his majesty the good old gentleman whose pipe he had lit in the morning. Overcome with joy, he retired with expressions of the deepest gratitude for his unexpected good fortune."

Speaking of Strutt's "Sports," he adds:—
"He omits giving a description of an ancient custom at Leicester, called the whipping toms. Within the precincts of the castle there is a large open space called the Newark, where crowds of the lower orders resort on Shrove Tuesday for a holiday. In my father's time the sports were cock-throwing, single-stick, wrestling, &c.; and, probably, the practice we are about to speak of arose from a difficulty in clearing the square of the people in order to close the gates. On the ringing of the bell, crowds, chiefly young persons, begin to assemble, armed with long sticks, used only as weapons of defence. About three o'clock the whipping toms arrive; three stout fellows, furnished with cart-whips, and a man with a bell runs before them to give notice of their approach. The bell sounding, the floggers begin to strike in every direction, to drive the rabble out at the gates; but they are opposed and set at defiance by hundreds of men and boys, who defend their legs with sticks. The mob so tease and provoke the flagellators that they lay about them unmercifully, often cutting through the stockings of the assailants at a stroke. This amusement, if so it can be called, is continued for several hours, the combatants being driven from one end of the garrison to the other, surrounded by crowds of idle women and spectators. Attempts have been made to get rid of this rude custom, but without effect, as some tenure is maintained by it. Mr. Strutt has, also, not noticed the practice of lifting persons in Lancashire. In passing through one of the streets in Liverpool, in Easter week, I was attacked by a

party of women, who laid hold of me, and would have hoisted me into the air had not I given them some money, and bought myself off from this intended elevation. I could not learn the origin of this ridiculous exhibition, further than that it was supposed to be in commemoration of the ascension of our Saviour. * *

"Dr. Ford, the rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manners, and a great humorist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known, from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially the 'Messiah.' His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton Bridge he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus, 'Lift up your heads,' when he arrived at Brooksby Gate; and 'Thanks be to God,' the moment he got through Thurmaston toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the cross in the Belgrave Gate. Though a very pious person, his eccentricity was, at times, not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, 'John, you have pitched too low—follow me.' Then, clearing up his psalmody, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind he enjoyed it; and, in his paroxysms of delight, would dangle one or both of his legs over the side of the pulpit during the singing. When preaching a charity sermon at Melton, some gentlemen of the hunt entered the church rather late. He stopped, and cried out, 'Here they come; here come the red-coats; they know their Christian duties: there's not a man among them that is not good for a guinea.' The doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of music, and always took the 'Messiah' with him on his musical journeys. I think it was at a Birmingham festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, 'I did not pay to hear you sing.' 'Then,' said the doctor, 'you have that into the bargain.'"

With a few paragraphs devoted to the author himself we shall close Vol. I.

His Political Feelings.—At Paris, Bonaparte reviewed his troops; and "The review being over, we visited the dining-hall, where we saw five thousand republican troops at dinner. They had just finished, and their stillness was remarkable. 'Why remarkable?' observed a Frenchman. 'Because,' said I, 'there does not appear to be a drunken man amongst them.' 'Does that surprise you?' 'Yes! Had they been Englishmen, I question, by this time, if any one of them would have been sober!'

"In 1805, I accompanied a friend to Windsor, to be present at the installation of the Knights of the Garter. We arrived the previous evening, and found every inn occupied. After engaging beds at a hair-dresser's, at two guineas the night, we rode back, and put up our horses at a farm-house just as you enter the town. Early in the morning we repaired to the castle-yard to see George the Third, as Colonel of the Oxford Blues, mount his charger

to review that regiment. The moment he was in the saddle the horse began to prance, but without moving from the spot; and we had a good opportunity of viewing the king. A more deplorable object, surely, never was witnessed. His countenance was imbecile, and his look vacant. The riband with which the horse's mane was plaited immediately caught his attention, and he expressed his delight by saying sharply—'Pretty blue ribands—pretty blue ribands!' He was indulged in this rocking motion of the horse for some time, when the royal cortège galloped off into the park."

His Religious Opinions.—Mr. Robinson, formerly fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, then vicar of St. Mary's, and author of 'Scripture Characters,' was a scholar, and pleasing in his manners, but imbued with high Calvinistic notions upon religion. In dining one day with this gentleman, at the house of John Adams, Esq. a conversation took place upon the wonders of the creation. Mr. Robinson interposed some of his peculiar opinions, when I observed, 'But you don't mean, sir, to say that the Being who was spit upon and reviled, was the great creator of the universe!—the infinite, the maker of all things!—surely, Mr. Robinson, you cannot believe that?' After hesitating a moment, he said, 'I am obliged to believe it!' Upon which the conversation dropped."

His Literary Judgment.—"Mr. Gifford, though so grave and reserved in his conversation, was in his writings a great satirist. He was the author of several poems; but his fame in the literary world chiefly rests upon his editorial labours in founding and conducting the 'Quarterly Review.'"

His Experience in Edinburgh.—"Within a mile of the city stands the mountain called Arthur's Seat; and as my friend had been up Venustus, he taught me the best mode of climbing, which is by turning the toes out and setting the foot sideways. From this eminence it is said you may see as far as Aberdeen, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. At dinner we incurred the displeasure of the waiter, by making our remarks upon the dishes set before us. We had the haggis, and a sheep's head with the wool on; and, as a side-dish, the trotters of the same animal unsinged; however, we made up with a magnum of claret, which was cheap and excellent."

His Stocking Making.—"Talk of musical clocks!"—"In this place I beg leave to record a circumstance in which Mr. Salomon rendered me a service before I had the pleasure of knowing him. I had a small present that I wished to be conveyed to the great Haydn, the nature of which the following letter will explain. I sent it to Mr. Salomon, with a request that he would forward it to his friend:—

"To Joseph Haydn, Esq., Vienna.
"Sir,—For the many hours of delight which your musical compositions have afforded me, I am emboldened (although a stranger) to beg your acceptance of the enclosed small present, wrought in my manufactory at Leicester. It is no more than six pairs of cotton stockings, in which is worked that immortal air, 'God preserve the Emperor Francis,' with a few other quotations from your great and original productions. Let not the sense I have of your genius be measured by the insignificance of the gift; but please to consider it as a mark of the great esteem I bear to him who has imparted so much pleasure and delight to the musical world.—I am, dear sir, with profound respect, your most humble servant,

"WILLIAM GARDINER.

"Leicester, Aug. 10, 1804."

"The war was raging at the time, and as Mr. Salomon had no reply, we concluded it never arrived at its place of destination."

A Book of the Passions. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Illustrated with Sixteen splendid Engravings. 8vo. pp. 364. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

THE beauty of the tales with which Mr. James has filled this volume, like the beauty of the engravings which adorn it, seems equally to defy any attempt of ours to do them justice by our report. We cannot transplant to our page the work of the artist; and, with regard to the author, he has so closely woven his narrative and connected his events, that unless we could find room for an entire composition, we must injure him by mutilated quotation, instead of enabling readers fairly to appreciate his merits. He seems to us, among other proofs of good taste, to have exercised a sound discretion in his choice of localities. "Remorse" is a German story, finely constructed on the slaughter of a noble brother. "Jealousy" is Italian, a tragic issue to a suspicion of a prior love betrayed in moments of delirium. "Revenge" is laid on English ground, and terminates with suicide. "Love" belongs to Navarre. "Despair," a sketch, to Tyrol; and "Hatred" to Spain, a land at this very hour deluged with blood by that odious passion.

The more forcible delineations are drawn with highly wrought effect; but perhaps we have reaped the greatest pleasure in the eloquent essay on "Love," from which, disadvantageous though it be, for reasons already assigned, we must endeavour to give an example of the author's style:—

"Francis of Foix paused thoughtfully for a moment. Old habits and deep acquaintance with the wayward, the capricious, the weak, the vain, and the vicious part of womankind, suggested to his mind for a single instant that Blanche might seek and find a good excuse for yielding to her own inclination in his favour, if he admitted that he might relapse into evil should she deny him. But the nobler spirit which her love had enthroned in his heart rose up instantly, and trampled the demon under foot. He paused, and gazed in her face; then, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, 'No, Blanche, No!—God forbid that I should use any persuasions towards thee but the true ones. No! Pure, and beautiful, and good, and noble, if I cannot win thee by truth, I will ever live or die in wretchedness without thee. No! If thy heart can never be mine; if the errors of my early years have inspired thee with abhorrence that thou canst not conquer; if some happier man have won the jewel that I cannot win; if cold Indifference even place its icy barrier between thee and me;—still, Blanche of Navarre, still thou hast conquered, thou hast convinced, thou hast humbled, thou hast amended! Thy memory would keep me pure if thy love were denied; and the light which has shone upon my soul from thee and thy virtues, should never go out again till the cold earth of the grave were cast upon my breast.' Blanche trembled much, and she was several moments ere she could reply; but at length she said, in a low and faltering tone, 'I fear, Sir Count, I very much fear, that resolutions taken under the influence of passion are rarely more permanent than those formed during the reign of sickness. I can promise nothing, my lord, and dare say but little till I am more assured. Suffice it,' she added, after a moment's pause, and lifting her eyes for a single instant to his countenance, '—suffice it, that I love no one, that my heart

is free, and,' she added, hesitating, '—and it may be won; but it must be won by upright honour and pure virtue. One word more I may say: think not that the past will linger in my mind if the future be contrasted brightly with it. He who conquers his vices must ever be, in the eyes of Blanche of Navarre, more worthy than if he had never erred; for he gains a victory over a great enemy.' 'Enough! enough! enough!' he cried; and, as he spoke, hope, like the fitful flame, once more blazed up with a brighter light than ever it had before cast upon the future. 'Enough! enough!—oh! dearest Blanche, you have spoken enough! Too well I know your nature—too well, by sad comparison with others, do I know the beauty and candour of your heart—too well, far too well, to doubt for one single instant, that those words, calm, and gentle, and noble as they are, imply a promise and a hope, a boon, a consolation, an encouragement. I have risked all to tell you the truth. I have risked all and gained all, and now I know that success with you depends upon myself. Forgive me if I speak too boldly—forgive me if I speak too rashly; but yet I know and feel, and dare to avow I feel, that on myself and on my own conduct, whereof I entertain no doubt, depends my chance of winning you—of winning happiness, of winning love; love, such as my heart has never known—love, such as my heart never, till lately, hoped for. Henceforth, dearest! most beautiful, most noble, most pure! henceforth I journey through life like a pilgrim; with, high before his eyes, raised on some blue mountain's cloudy brow, the shrine to which all his efforts, all his wanderings, tend,—raised far above himself, but still the object of his aspirations and his hopes; to reach which nothing is required but strength, and fortitude, and resolution, and which nothing can debar him from but folly, vice, or weakness.' He took her hand in his—her unresisting hand—and, raising it calmly to his lips, he added, 'Blanche of Navarre, beautiful and beloved! princess of a sovereign house as thou art, thou mayest think it bold that Francis of Foix has raised his eyes to thee. But, lady, I tell thee, and tell thee true, that never sovereign of thine house, however warlike be his name in story, has gained a greater conquest than thou hast. I do not speak in pride, and, if I do, it is in pride of my humility. I say not that thou hast conquered Francis of Foix, for that were vanity; but I say, that thou hast conquered a stubborn human heart, pampered with pride, nourished with much success, strengthened with idle fame, pampered in iron habits, and leading on a host of follies, vices, and mistakes, to war against one bright and beautiful being, armoured alone in virtue, and weaponed solely with right. I say it in all humility—as the chained captive, as the vanquished and the humbled; and when I kiss this lovely hand, it is but as the conquered and the abased, bowing the head before the potent rod which has brought him into subjection to a nobler and more generous power. For ever, for ever, I am thine and virtue's! and if, in future life, I e'er forswear this fealty by word or deed, trample me under thy feet as a faithless renegade. And now bid appoint me trials, that I may undergo my proof, and walk on with hope to happiness.' Again and again he kissed that small fair hand; and it might well be seen that passion had lost nothing of its fire by being purified from the dust and ashes that kept it smouldering with a dull, foul, lowly flame. Now it blazed high, clear, bright, and open, and only gained intensity from being concentrated upon one point. Blanche of Navarre felt all that she had done, felt all that she had said; but yet,

with agitation and alarm, there was mingled a hope, and an expectation, and a thrill of joy—of joy, oh how bright, how glorious, how ennobling! joy springing from the elevation, from the brightening, from the beautifying of the character of a being that we love; joy born from the thanksgiving of triumph over evil; joy lighted up by feeling ourselves beloved, with threefold and most ample love, for having given back virtue to a noble heart—for having restored the bright deity to a worthy shrine."

With this one imperfect extract, we must leave this every way splendid volume; but we do so with the warmest recommendations of it to every reader of refinement and feeling.

Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada. By Mrs. Jameson. 3 vols. London, 1838. Saunders and Otley.

A most strenuous stickler for the rights of women, and, with a strong inclination towards the metaphysics of the German school, Mrs. Jameson writes with an eloquent pen, and never fails to display talents of a superior order. The predilections to which we have alluded, it is true, detract somewhat from the general pleasantness and good sense of her productions; for of all blue literature, the blue literature of Germany is the most wearisome and unsubstantial; but when she allows her own observant mind to expand itself upon interesting subjects, undisfigured by these feelings or affectations, we are both entertained and informed by her graphic power and cleverness. In noticing the present work, therefore, we shall pass by all the episodical parts (*Winter Studies*), which seem to have no business in Canada; and, leaving the long chapters on German tragedies, German actresses, Goethe, Eckermann, Grillparzer, Schiller, &c. which occupy a volume of the three, offer our illustrations of it from those portions which relate to the country visited, with a sample or two of the author's opinion in regard to matters that belong to all countries, and to every people.

Having reached Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, in December, Mrs. Jameson spent the winter months there, and draws a piercing picture of their severity. A sleigh visit to Niagara greatly disappointed her imagination, and she says:—

"Well! I have seen these Cataracts of Niagara, which have thundered in my mind's ear ever since I can remember—which have been my 'childhood's thought, my youth's desire,' since first my imagination was awakened to wonder and to wish. I have beheld them, and shall I whisper it to you? but, O tell it not among the Philistines!—I wish I had not! I wish they were still a thing unbeheld—a thing to be imagined, hoped, and anticipated; something to live for: the reality has displaced from my mind an illusion far more magnificent than itself—I have no words for my utter disappointment: yet I have not the presumption to suppose that all I have heard and read of Niagara is false or exaggerated; that every expression of astonishment, enthusiasm, rapture, is affectation or hyperbole. No! it must be my own fault. Terni, and some of the Swiss cataracts leaping from their mountains, have affected me a thousand times more than all the immensity of Niagara. Oh, I could beat myself! and now there is no help! the first moment, the first impression is over—is lost; though I should live a thousand years, long as Niagara itself shall roll, I can never see it again for the first time. Something is gone that cannot be restored. What has come over my soul and senses? I am no

longer Anna—I am metamorphosed—I am translated—*I am an ass's head, a clod, a wooden spoon, a fat weed growing on Lethe's bank, a stock, a stone, a petrification.*—for have I not seen Niagara, the wonder of wonders; and felt—no words can tell what disappointment!"

This is rather flowery; but professional writers are apt to run into the ornamental vein.

"It is a remarkable fact, with which you are probably acquainted, that when one growth of timber is cleared from the land, another of quite a different species springs up spontaneously in its place. Thus, the oak or the beech succeeds to the pine, and the pine to the oak or maple. This is not accounted for, at least I have found no one yet who can give me a reason for it. We passed by a forest lately consumed by fire, and I asked why, in clearing the woods, they did not leave groups of the finest trees, or even single trees, here and there, to embellish the country? But it seems that this is impossible; for the trees thus left standing, when deprived of the shelter and society to which they have been accustomed, uniformly perish; which, for mine own poor part, I thought very natural. A Canadian settler hates a tree, regards it as his natural enemy, as something to be destroyed, eradicated, annihilated by all and any means. The idea of useful or ornamental is seldom associated here, even with the most magnificent timber trees, such as among the Druids had been consecrated, and among the Greeks would have sheltered oracles and votive temples. The beautiful faith which assigned to every tree of the forest its guardian nymph, to every leafy grove its tutelary divinity, would find no votaries here. Alas! for the Dryads and Hamadryads of Canada! There are two principal methods of killing trees in this country, besides the quick, unfailing destruction of the axe; the first by setting fire to them, which sometimes leaves the root uninjured to rot gradually and unseen, or be grubbed up at leisure, or, more generally, there remains a visible fragment of a charred and blackened stump, deformed and painful to look upon: the other method is slower, but even more effectual; a deep gash is cut through the bark into the stem, quite round the bole of the tree. This prevents the circulation of the vital juices, and by degrees the tree droops and dies. This is technically called *ringing* timber. Is not this like the two ways in which a woman's heart may be killed in this world of ours—by passion and by sorrow? But better far the swift fiery death than this 'ringing,' as they call it!"

Whatever the subject, the wrongs and false position of the sex, come uppermost: the last is a pretty posy on timber and hearts, though *ringing* women is quite a different affair to *ringing* trees. On those frail ones who forget the necessity for *ringing* in our social system, Mrs. Jameson speculates in a bold and startling strain. She protests against the principle that the happiness of any individual, or of the few, should be made to yield to a general good; and says—

"We women have especial reason to exclaim against this principle. We are told openly by moralists and politicians, that it is for the general good of society, nay, an absolute necessity, that one-fifth part of our sex should be condemned as the legitimate prey of the other, predoomed to die in reprobation, in the streets, in hospitals, that the virtue of the rest may be preserved, and the pride and the passions of

men both gratified. But I have a bitter pleasure in thinking that this most base, most cruel conventional law, is avenged upon those who made and uphold it; that here the sacrifice of a certain number of one sex to the permitted license of the other is no general good, but a general curse—a very ulcer in the bosom of society. The subject is a hateful one—more hateful is it to hear it sometimes alluded to with aneering levity, and sometimes waved aside with a fastidious or arrogant prudery. Unless we women take some courage to look upon the evil, and find some help, some remedy within ourselves, I know not where it is to come from."

At the Toronto meeting of the House of Assembly, "The titles of the various bills passed during the session were then read; they amounted to one hundred and forty-seven; the reading occupied about an hour and a quarter. Among them were a few which especially fixed my attention. For instance, there was an act for making the remedy in cases of seduction more effectual, and for the provision of children born out of wedlock by the supposed fathers, &c. This bill originated in the legislative council, and it is worthy of remark that they are enacting here a law which in England has been lately repealed, and which Sir Francis Head himself has openly condemned. You remember the outcry which was raised against that provision of the new Poor-law act which made women solely answerable for the consequences of their own misconduct—misconduct into which, in nine cases out of ten, they are betrayed by the conventional license granted to the other sex; but I, as a woman, with a heart full of most compassionate tenderness for the wretched and the erring among my sister women, do still aver, that the first step towards our moral emancipation is that law which shall leave us the sole responsible guardians of our own honour and chastity. It may seem, at first view, most pitiable that not only the ban of society, but also the legal liabilities, should fall on the least guilty; and hard indeed will be the fate of many a poor, ignorant delinquent, for the next few years, unless those women who take a generous and extended view of the whole question be prepared to soften the horrors that will ensue by individual help and acts of mercy: but let the tendency of such an enactment, such a public acknowledgment of the moral and legal responsibility of women, be once understood, let it once be brought into action, and I am sure the result will be the general benefit and elevation of the whole sex; it brings the only remedy to this hateful mischief which can be brought—the rest remains with ourselves. The best boon we could ask of our masters and legislators is to be left, in all cases, responsible for our own actions and our own debts."

"Strange, and passing strange, that the relation between the two sexes—the passion of love, in short—should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician—let them reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be always discussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in tragedies or sung in songs—a subject for pretty poems and wicked novels, and had nothing to do with the prosaic current of our every-day existence, our moral welfare and eternal salvation? Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere impulse? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as

a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness—mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why, then, should love be treated less seriously than death? It is as serious a thing. Love and death, the alpha and omega of human life, the author and finisher of existence, the two points on which God's universe turns; which He, our Father and Creator, has placed beyond our arbitration—beyond the reach of that election and free will which he has left us in all other things! Death must come, and love must come; but the state in which they find us?—whether blinded, astonished, and frightened, and ignorant, or, like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared, and fit to manage our own feelings?—this, I suppose, depends on ourselves; and, for want of such self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue—hasty, improvident, unsuitable marriages; repining, diseased, or vicious celibacy; irretrievable infamy; careless insanity. The death that comes early, and the love that comes late, reversing the primal laws of our nature. It is of little consequence how unequal the conventional difference of rank, as in Germany—how equal the condition, station, and means, as in America—if there be inequality between the sexes; and if the sentiment which attracts and unites them to each other, and the contracts and relations springing out of this sentiment, be not equally well understood by both, equally sacred by both, equally binding on both."

Here follows the cure: why don't we all go loach-fishing?

"When a young Chippewa of St. Mary's sees a young girl who pleases him, and whom he wishes to marry, he goes and catches a loach, boils it, and cuts off the tail, of which he takes the flat bone, and sticks it in his hair. He paints himself bewitchingly, takes a sort of rude flute or pipe, with two or three stops, which seems to be only used on these amatory occasions, and walks up and down his village, blowing on his flute, and looking, I presume, as sentimental as an Indian can look. This is regarded as an indication of his intentions, and throws all the lodges in which there are young marriageable girls into a flutter, though probably the fair one who is his secret choice is pretty well aware of it. The next step is to make presents to the parents and relatives of the young woman. If these are accepted, and his suit prospers, he makes presents to his intended; and all that now remains is to bring her home to his lodge. He neither swears before God to love her till death—an oath which it depends not on his own will to keep, even if it be not perjury in the moment it is pronounced—nor to endow her with all his worldly goods and chattels, when even by the act of union she loses all right of property; but, apparently, the arrangements answer all purposes to their mutual satisfaction."

We will now come to the more appropriate division of this publication, viz. Mrs. Jameson's visit to the northern shores of Lake Huron, where she witnessed a numerous assemblage of the Indian tribes to receive their annual presents from the government. She had previously been a short while among the Chippewas, who adopted her as a sister, and gave her the pretty name of *Ogima-quay*; meaning thereby, the *White or Fair English Chieftainess*. Several of their legends are curious; but we must be content to select shorter cha-

racteristics. For example, a Pottowottomie dandy:—

"One of these exquisites, whom I distinguished as Beau Brummel, was not indeed much indebted to a tailor, seeing he had neither a coat nor any thing else that gentlemen are accustomed to wear. But then his face was most artistically painted, the upper half of it being vermilion, with a black circle round one eye, and a white circle round the other; the lower half of a bright green, except the tip of his nose, which was also vermilion. His leggings of scarlet cloth were embroidered down the sides, and decorated with tufts of hair. The band, or garter, which confines the leggings, is always an especial bit of finery; and his were gorgeous, all embroidered with gay beads, and strings and tassels of the liveliest colours hanging down to his ankle. His moccasins were also beautifully worked with porcupine quills; he had armlets and bracelets of silver; and round his head a silver band stuck with tufts of moose-hair, dyed blue and red; and, conspicuous above all, the eagle-feather in his hair, shewing he was a warrior, and had taken a scalp—i.e. killed his man. Over his shoulders hung a blanket of scarlet cloth, very long and ample, which he had thrown back a little, so as to display his chest on which a large outspread hand was painted in white. It is impossible to describe the air of perfect self-complacency with which this youth strutted about."

Of another of these, we have an amusing anecdote:—

"A distinguished Pottowottomie warrior presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, and observing that he was a very good man, very good indeed, and a good friend to the Long-knives (the Americans), requested a dram of whisky. The agent replied, that he never gave whisky to good men; good men never asked for whisky, and never drank it. It was only bad Indians who asked for whisky, or liked to drink it. 'Then,' replied the Indian quickly, in his broken English, 'me damn rascal!'"

Again:—

"A short time ago a young Chippewa hunter, whom he knew, was shooting squirrels on this spot, when by some chance a large blighted pine fell upon him, knocking him down and crushing his leg, which was fractured in two places. He could not rise, he could not remove the tree which was lying across his broken leg. He was in a little uninhabited island, without the slightest probability of passing aid, and to lie there and starve to death in agonies, seemed all that was left to him. In this dilemma, with all the fortitude and promptitude of resource of a thorough-bred Indian, he took out his knife, cut off his own leg, bound it up, dragged himself along the ground to his hunting canoe, and paddled himself home to his wigwam on a distant island, where the cure of his wound was completed. The man is still alive."

But the great meeting affords the most interesting description of all.

"The Great Manitoolin, on which I now am, is, according to the last survey, ninety-three miles in length, but very narrow, and so deeply and fantastically indented with gulfs and bays, that it was supposed to consist of many distinct islands. This is the second year that the presents to the Indians have been issued on this spot. The idea of forming on the Great Manitoolin a settlement of the Indians, and inviting those tribes scattered round the lakes to adopt it as a residence, has been for the last

few years entertained by the Indian department; I say for the last few years, because it did not originate with the present governor; though I believe it has his entire approbation, as a means of removing them more effectually from all contact with the white settlers. It is objected to this measure, that by cutting off the Indians from agricultural pursuits, and throwing them back upon their habits of hunting and fishing, it will retard their civilisation; that, by removing them from the reserved land among the whites, their religious instruction will be rendered a matter of difficulty; that the islands, being masses of barren rock, are almost incapable of cultivation; and that they are so far north-west, that it would be difficult to raise even a little Indian corn:—and hence the plan of settling the Indians here has been termed unjustifiable. It is true that the smaller islands are rocky and barren; but the Great Manitoolin, Drummond's, and St. Joseph's, are fertile. The soil on which I now tread is rich and good; and all the experiments in cultivation already tried here have proved successful. As far as I can judge, the intentions of the government are benevolent and justifiable. There are a great number of Indians, Ottawas, and Pottowottomies, who receive annual presents from the British government, and are residing on the frontiers of the American settlements, near Lake Michigan. These people, having disposed of their lands, know not where to go, and it is the wish of our government to assemble all those Indians who are our allies, and receive our annual presents, within the limits of the British territory—and this for reasons which certainly do appear very reasonable and politic. There are three thousand seven hundred Indians, Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottowottomies, Winnebagoes, and Menomones, encamped around us. The issue of the presents has just concluded, and appears to have given universal satisfaction; yet, were you to see their trifling nature, you would wonder that they think it worth while to travel from one to five hundred miles or more to receive them; and by an ordinance of the Indian department, every individual must present himself in person to receive the allotted portion. The common equipment of each chief or warrior (that is, each man) consisted of three quarters of a yard of blue cloth, three yards of linen, one blanket, half an ounce of thread, four strong needles, one comb, one awl, one butcher's knife, three pounds of tobacco, three pounds of ball, nine pounds of shot, four pounds of powder, and six flints. The equipment of a woman consisted of one yard and three quarters of coarse woollen, two yards and a half of printed calico, one blanket, one ounce of thread, four needles, one comb, one awl, one knife. For each child there was a portion of woollen cloth and calico. Those chiefs who had been wounded in battle, or had extraordinary claims, had some little articles in extra quantity, and a gay shawl or handkerchief. To each principal chief of a tribe, the allotted portion of goods for his tribe was given, and he made the distribution to his people individually; and such a thing as injustice or partiality on one hand, or a murmur of dissatisfaction on the other, seemed equally unknown. There were, besides, extra presents of flags, medals, chiefs' guns, rifles, trinkets, brass kettles, the choice and distribution of which were left to the superintendent, with this proviso, that the expense on the whole was

... It appears, however, from the notes of the missionary Elliott, that a great number of Ottawas and Potogansies had been residing on the Great Manitoolin two or three years previous to 1834, and had cultivated a portion of land."

never to exceed nine pounds sterling for every one hundred chiefs or warriors. While the Indians remain on the island, which is generally about five days, they receive rations of Indian corn and tallow (fat melted down); with this they make a sort of soup, boiling the Indian corn till it is of the consistence of porridge—then adding a handful of tallow and some salt, and stirring it well. Many a kettleful of this delectable mess did I see made, without feeling any temptation to taste it; but Major Anderson says it is not so very bad, when a man is very hungry, which I am content to believe on his testimony. On this and on the fish of the bay they live while here."

A council of the Indians followed the distribution, and debated their condition and the matters suggested or offered to them. Mrs. J. proceeds—

"Nearly opposite to me was a famous Pottowottomie chief and conjuror, called the Two Ears. He was most fantastically dressed and hideously painted, and had two large clusters of swansdown depending from each ear—I suppose, in illustration of his name. There were three men with their faces blacked with grease and soot, their hair dishevelled, and their whole appearance studiously squalid and miserable: I was told they were in mourning for near relations. With these exceptions, the dresses were much what I have already described; but the chief whom I immediately distinguished from the rest, even before I knew his name, was my cousin, young Waub-Ojeeg, the son of Wayish, ky; in height he towered above them all, being about six feet three or four. His dress was equally splendid and tasteful: he wore a surcoat of fine blue cloth, under which was seen a shirt of gay colours, and his father's medal hung on his breast. He had a magnificent embroidered belt of wampum, from which hung his scalping-knife and pouch. His leggings (metasses) were of scarlet cloth, beautifully embroidered, with rich bands, or garters, depending to his ankle. Round his head was an embroidered band, or handkerchief, in which were stuck four wing-feathers of the war-eagle, two on each side—the testimonies of his prowess as a warrior. He held a tomahawk in his hand. His features were fine, and his countenance not only mild, but almost femininely soft. Altogether, he was in dress and personal appearance the first specimen of his race I had yet seen: I was quite proud of my adopted kinsman. He was seated at some distance; but in far too near propinquity, for, in truth, they almost touched me, sat a group of creatures—human beings I must suppose them—such as had never been seen before within the lines of civilisation. I had remarked them in the morning surrounded by a group of Ottawas, among whom they seemed to excite as much wonder and curiosity as among ourselves; and when I inquired who and what they were, I was told they were cannibals from the Red River, the title being, I suppose, quite gratuitous, and merely expressive of the disgust they excited. One man had his hair cut short on the top of his head, and it looked like a circular blacking-brush, while it grew long in a fringe all round, hanging on his shoulders. The skins thrown round them seemed on the point of rotting off; and their attitude, when squatted on the ground, was precisely that of the larger apes I have seen in a menagerie. More hideous, more pitiable specimens of humanity in its lowest, most degraded state, can hardly be conceived; melancholy, squalid, stupid—and yet not fierce. They had each received a kettle and a gun by way of en-

couragement. The whole number of chiefs assembled was seventy-five; and take notice that the half of them were smoking, that it was blazing noon-tide, and that every door and window was filled up with the eager faces of the crowd without, and then you may imagine that even a scene like this was not to be enjoyed without some drawbacks; in fact, it was a sort of purgatory to more senses than one, but I made up my mind to endure it, and did so. I observed, that although there were many hundreds round the house, not one woman, outside or inside, was visible during the whole time the council lasted."

With this we must conclude; and can, with justice, recommend these volumes to the public.

Eve Effingham; or, Home. By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., author of "Homeward Bound," "The Pilot," "The Spy," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Bentley.

THE sequel to "Homeward Bound," and with the same characters on the foreground. In this Mr. Cooper appears desirous of lecturing the follies and pretensions of various classes of society and coteries in New York, and, as a sort of arbiter *elegantiarum*, teaching his countrymen and women the true art of politeness and etiquette. The task is not one of the highest interest to us, nor do we think the author quite so well at home in it as in productions of another kind. Still all who are curious about American manners may be entertained by these sketches of them, by a native; and their nature will be sufficiently exhibited by an extract or two taken any where—almost at random.

"We pass over the three or four days that succeeded, during which Eve had begun to understand her new position, and we will come at once to a conversation between the cousins, that will serve to let the reader more intimately into the opinions, habits, and feelings of both, as well as to open the real subject of our narrative. This conversation took place in that very library which had witnessed their first interview, soon after breakfast, and while the young ladies were still alone. 'I suppose, Eve, you will have to visit the Greens. They are Hajjis, and were much in society last winter.' 'Hajjis! You surely do not mean, Grace, that they have been to Mecca?' 'Not at all: only to Paris, my dear. That makes a Hajji in New York.' 'And does it entitle the pilgrim to wear the green turban?' asked Eve, laughing. 'To wear any thing, Miss Effingham; green, blue, or yellow, and to cause it to pass for elegance.' 'And which happens to be the favourite colour with the family you have mentioned?' 'It ought to be the first, in compliment to the name; but, if truth must be said, I think they betray an affection for all, with not a few of the half tints in addition.' 'I am afraid they are too pronounces for us by this description. I am no great admirer, Grace, of walking rainbows.' 'Too Green you would have said, had you dared; but you are a Hajji too, and even the Greens know that a Hajji never puns,—unless, indeed, it be one from Philadelphia. But you will visit these people?' 'Certainly, if they are in society, and render it necessary by their own civilities.' 'They are in society in virtue of their rights as Hajjis; but, as they passed three months in Paris, you probably know something of them.' 'They may not have been there at the same time with ourselves,' returned Eve quietly, 'and Paris is a very large city. Hundreds of people come and go, of whom one never hears. I do not remember

the family you have mentioned.' 'I wish you may escape them; for, in my untravelling judgment, they are any thing but agreeable, notwithstanding all they have seen, or pretend to have seen.' 'It is very possible to have been all over Christendom, and to remain exceedingly disagreeable; besides one may see a great deal, and yet see a very little of a good quality.'

"'You should remember, Grace, that I have not yet seen any society in New York.' 'No society, dear! Why, you were at the Hendersons', and the Morgans', and the Drewetts'; three of the greatest *réunions* that we have had in two winters!' 'I did not know that by society you meant those unpleasant crowds.' 'Unpleasant crowds! Why, child, that is society, is it not?' 'Not what I have been taught to consider such; I rather think it would be better to call it company.' 'And is not this what is called society in Paris?' 'As far from it as possible: it may be an excrescence of society, one of its forms, but by no means society itself. It would be as true to call cards, which are sometimes introduced in the world, society, as to call a ball given in too small and crowded rooms, society. They are merely two of the modes in which idlers endeavour to vary their amusements.' 'But we have little else than these balls, the morning visits, and an occasional evening, in which there is no dancing.' 'I am sorry to hear it; for in that case you can have no society.' 'And is it different in Paris, or Florence, or Rome?' 'Very. In Paris there are many houses open every evening, to which one can go with little ceremony. Our sex appears in them dressed according to what a gentleman I overheard conversing at Mrs. Henderson's would call their 'ulterior intentions' for the night; some attired in the simplest manner; others dressed for concerts, for the opera, for court, even; some on the way from a dinner, and others going to a late ball. All this matter-of-course variety adds to the ease and grace of the company; and, with perfect good manners, a certain knowledge of passing events, pretty modes of expression, an accurate and even utterance, the women usually find the means of making themselves agreeable. Their sentiment is sometimes a little heroic; but this one must overlook; and it is a taste, moreover, that is falling into disuse as people read better books than formerly.' 'And you prefer this heartlessness, Eve, to the nature of your own country!' 'I do not know that quiet *retenue* and a good tone are a whit more heartless than flirting, giggling, and childishness. There may be more nature in the latter, certainly; but they are scarcely as agreeable after one has fairly got rid of the nursery.'"

The leading new character is a Mr. Aristobulus Bragg, a Yankee land-agent, who figures in the following:—

"Aristobulus was surprised any one could disregard a majority, for, in this respect, he a good deal resembled Mr. Dodge, though running a somewhat different career; and the look of surprise that he gave was natural and open. 'I do not mean that the public has a legal right to control the tastes of the citizens,' he said; 'but in a republican government, you undoubtedly understand, Miss Eve, it will rule in all things.' 'I can understand that a person might wish to see his neighbour display good taste, as it helps to embellish a country; but a man who should consult the whole neighbourhood before he built, would be very likely to erect a complicated house, if he paid much respect to the different opinions he received; or, what is quite as probable, have no house at all!' 'I think you

are mistaken, Miss Effingham; for the public sentiment just now runs almost exclusively and popularly into the Grecian school. We build little besides temples for our churches, our banks, our taverns, our court-houses, and our dwellings: a friend of mine has just built a brewery on the model of the Temple of the Winds.' 'Had it been a mill, one might understand the conceit,' said Eve; who now began to perceive that her visitor had some latent humour, though he produced it in such a manner as to induce one to think him any thing but a droll. 'The mountains must be doubly beautiful if they are decorated in the way you mention. I sincerely hope, Grace, that I shall find the hills as pleasant as they now exist in my recollection!' 'Should they not prove to be quite as lovely as you imagine, Miss Effingham,' returned Aristobolus, who saw no impropriety in answering a remark made to Miss Van Courtlandt, or any one else, 'I hope you will have the kindness to conceal the fact from the world.' 'I am afraid that would exceed my power; my disappointment would be so strong. But may I ask you why you desire that I should keep so cruel a mortification to myself?' 'Why, Miss Eve,' said Aristobolus, looking grave, 'I am afraid that our people would hardly bear the expression of such an opinion from you.' 'From me!—And why not from me in particular?' 'Perhaps it is because they think you have travelled, and have seen other countries.' 'And is it only those who have not travelled, and who have no means of knowing the value of what they see, that are privileged to criticise?' 'I cannot exactly explain my own meaning, perhaps; but I think Miss Grace will understand me. Do you not agree with me, Miss Van Courtlandt, in thinking it would be safer for one who never saw any other mountains to complain of the tameness and monotony of our own, than for one who had passed a whole life among the Andes and the Alps?' Eve smiled, for she saw that Mr. Bragg was capable of detecting and laughing at provincial feeling, even while he was so much under its influence; and Grace coloured, for she had the consciousness of having already betrayed some of this very silly sensitiveness in her intercourse with her cousin in connexion with other subjects.

'I believe I understand you, gentlemen,' returned the unmoved Aristobolus, who perceived a general smile. 'I know that some people are particular about keeping pretty much on the same level as to office; but I hold to no such doctrine. If one good thing cannot be had, I do not see that it is a reason for rejecting another. I ran that year for sheriff, and finding I was not strong enough to carry the county, I accepted my successor's offer to write in the office until something better might turn up.' 'You practised all this time, I believe, Mr. Bragg,' observed John Effingham. 'I did a little in that way, too, sir; or as much as I could. Law is flat with us of late, and many of the attorneys are turning their attention to other callings.' 'And pray, sir,' asked Sir George, 'what is the favourite pursuit of most of them just now?' 'Some our way have gone into the horse line; but much the greater portion are just now dealing in western cities.' 'In western cities!' exclaimed the baronet, looking as if he suspected a mystification. 'In such articles, and in mill-seats, and railroad lines, and other expectations.' 'Mr. Bragg means that they are buying and selling lands on which it is hoped all these conveniences may exist a century hence,' explained John Effingham. 'The hope is for

next year, or next week, even, Mr. John,' returned Aristobolus with a sly look; 'though you may be very right as to the reality. Great fortunes have been made on a capital of hopes lately, in this country.'

'The western fever has seized old and young; and it has carried off many entire families from our part of the world,' continued Aristobolus, who did not understand the little aside just mentioned, and who, of course, did not heed it; 'most of the counties adjoining our own have lost a considerable portion of their population also.' 'And they who have gone; do they belong to the permanent families, or are they merely the floating inhabitants?' inquired Mr. Effingham. 'Most of them belong to the regular movers.' 'Movers!' again exclaimed Sir George; 'is there any material part of our population who actually deserve this name?' 'As much so as the man who shoes a horse ought to be called a smith, or the man who frames a house a carpenter,' answered John Effingham. 'To be sure,' continued Mr. Bragg, 'we have a pretty considerable leaven of them in our political dough, as well as in our active business. I believe, Sir George, that in England men are tolerably stationary.' 'We love to continue for generations on the same spot. We love the tree that our forefathers planted; the roof that they built; the fireside by which they sat; the sods that cover their remains.' 'Very poetical; and I dare say there are situations in life in which such feelings come in without much effort. It must be a great check to business operations, however, in your part of the world, sir.' 'Business operations! What is business, as you term it, to the affections, to the feelings of ancestry, and to the solemn ties connected with history and traditions?' 'Why, sir, in the way of history one meets with but few encumbrances in this country; but one may do very much as interest dictates, so far as that is concerned, at least. A nation is much to be pitied that is weighed down by the past in this manner, since its industry and enterprise are constantly impeded by obstacles that grow out of its recollections. America may, indeed, be termed a happy and a free country, Mr. John Effingham, in this as well as in all other things.'

These specimens are all that we need adduce. Mr. Dodge was never a great favourite of ours; and we will not exemplify his literary lionship at home, upon which and the periodical press Mr. Cooper bestows much of his satirical reprehension.

Gurney Married. By Theodore Hook. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Colburn.

WITH the exception of the *dénouement*, or about half the last volume, this novel is so well known to the public from its periodical appearance in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' that its illustration, either by extract or criticism, would be impertinent. With the finale we would not meddle, as we consider revelations on such points to be inexcusable inroads upon the public curiosity; and all, therefore, we have to say about 'Gurney Married,' may be summed up in a narrow compass. It is a work of peculiar character, and in tracing out the little bearings of family connexions, slight social influences, and trifles light as air upon the whole lives of mankind, reminds us of the finest writings of the elder class of Novelists, who pursued investigations of the human heart and mind into the deepest recesses of art and nature. There is no exaggeration in the pictures here set before us: the people are the people of every

day, of every place, and of every station. They are acted upon by the commonest circumstances; they are actuated by the most universal feelings. And the results demonstrate that it is not by chains and cables that our destinies are wrought, but by floss-silk threads and gossamers. One remark occurs to us. Mr. Hook, we think, has admirably shewn, that no man or woman ever told *all* they thought to any other man or woman. There is always a reserve, and a reserve productive of a thousand vital consequences to ourselves and others. It does not spring from hypocrisy, deceit, or even disingenuousness; but often from a moral want of courage, and at other times from the best and kindest of feelings. The dislike to hurt or be hurt, the wish not to offend, self love, and many subtle causes, tend to confirm this innate and immovable principle in human nature; and it is probable that even in the transports of the deepest and most impassioned affection, the whole bosom thoughts of one were never given to the bosom of another. This our author has demonstrated with great acumen and fidelity; and whoever reads the story of *Gilbert Gurney* will find, and especially in this particular respect, many a useful lesson applicable to life and social intercourse in all their varied relations.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sermons on the Seven Penitential Psalms. By the Rev. C. Oxendon, Bishopsbourne, Kent. Pp. 180. 1838. Canterbury, Ward; London, Hatchard; Rivingtons; Whittaker.

DEDICATED, by permission, to Queen Adelaide, these sermons are full of Scriptural language, and earnestly directed to produce pious Christian effects.

Tales and Sketches, Historical and Romantic. By Mrs. D. Clark, late E. A. Ingram. 8vo pp. 336. London, 1838. Longman and Co., and Tegg and Co.

THESE light tales and sketches have previously appeared in sundry periodicals. They are various and agreeable; and form a tolerable sized volume, which will assuredly verify the authoress's hope that "no word may injure either head or heart."

An Epitome of Chemistry, &c. By J. Baker. Pp. 224. Portsmouth, 1838. Harrison; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

A VERY practical and serviceable volume; in which the elements of chemistry are well explained in popular lectures, and about five hundred useful experiments described for the youthful students of this instructive branch of science.

Tales of a Jewess, illustrating the Domestic Manners and Customs of the Jews, First Series, by Madame Brendlah. Pp. 240. (London, Simpkin and Marshall).—No doubt a well-intentioned volume; at least, in charity, we will allow it that single merit, though, in truth, the execution is both weak and egotistical.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, 5th Dec. Dr. Fitton, vice-president, in the chair.—Read, 'An Account of the Footsteps of the Chirotherium, and five or six other unknown Animals, lately discovered in the Quarries of Storeton Hill, between the Mersey and the Dee,' communicated by the Natural History Society of Liverpool, and illustrated with drawings by John Cunningham, Esq. In 1834, there were discovered in several quarries at the village of Hessberg, near Hildbergshausen, casts in a gray quartzose sandstone, resembling, to a certain extent, a human hand,

* *Erratum.*—In our Notice to Correspondents last week, respecting this publication, for "was" read "were," so that our grammar may be correct.

and for which Professor Kaup proposed the provisional name of *Chirotherium*. In the early part of last June, similar casts were discovered in Storeton Hill quarries, and believed by the workmen to be petrified human hands. The circumstance having been made known to the Natural History Society of Liverpool, a committee was appointed, who drew up the report read on Wednesday evening. The red sandstone of the peninsula of Wirrel, in which the Storeton quarries are situated, may be separated into three principal divisions; the lowest consisting of red, or variegated sandstone and conglomerate; the middle, of white and yellow sandstone; and the uppermost, of red or variegated marl and sandstone, containing pebbles of quartz. It is the middle division that is worked at Storeton. The strata are there of unequal thickness, and are separated by thin seams of whitish clay. The casts hitherto noticed occur on the under side of three beds of sandstone, not more than two feet thick each; and they appear to have been moulded in impressions made by the chirotherium, and other animals, while walking over the seams of soft clay. The best defined casts are from an animal whose hinder extremities were about twice the size of the fore. In one of the specimens described in the report, the extreme length of the hind foot, from the root of what has been called a thumb to the tip of the second finger, is nine inches, and the extreme breadth six inches. Judging from the appearance of the casts, the under part of the foot must have been amply covered with muscle, as the impression of the supposed thumb, and of the phalanges of the toes, are large and prominent. The fore feet agree in character with the hind, except in size. With respect to the mode of progression, the authors of the report state that they have tracked the same animal for sixteen feet on one stone. The length of the step varies a little, but the distance between two consecutive casts of the points of the second toe of a hind foot, is generally from twenty-one to twenty-two inches. The fore feet are always immediately in advance of the hind, and, in many instances, the marks of the former have been partly obliterated by the tread of the latter. Although the footprints of the chirotherium are the most prominent, yet the Storeton quarries have yielded slabs which are covered by raised casts, derived, apparently, from impressions made by tortoises and saurian reptiles, the webs between the toes of which can be distinctly traced. These smaller casts are crowded together, and cross each other in every direction: indeed, it is impossible to examine the slabs thus marked, and not conclude that the subjacent layer of clay was thronged by animals. A note by Mr. James Yates was appended to the report, and gave a brief account of sketches of four distinct varieties of impressions, not including those of the chirotherium, or the web-footed animal.—The next paper was by Sir Philip Egerton, and was also 'On the Chirotherium.' The two specimens particularly described were first noticed by Colonel Egerton about the year 1824; but it was not until the recent discoveries at Storeton that the author of the paper suspected their nature. The exact locality whence they were originally obtained is not known; but it is probable that they were procured from one of the beds of sandstone which alternate with marl in the upper part of the new red system, near Tarporly. Sir Philip Egerton is of opinion that the marginal digit, considered from its form to be a thumb, is a representation of the fifth, and not of the first toe. A table of comparative measurements

was given of one of the specimens discovered by Colonel Egerton, a specimen found at Storeton, and another at Hessberg; and, after making due allowance for difference in size, the author stated, that the relative proportions are so dissimilar, that the three casts ought to be considered as characterising three species; and, as his own specimen far exceeds in size any other yet described, he proposes for it, in compliance with the adage, *ex pede Herculeum*, the name of *Chirotherium Herculis*.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 4th Dec.—Read, a paper by W. Sturgeon, Esq., 'On the Direct Action which Caloric exercises on Magnetic Poles.' Electric currents are now generally considered to be the source of terrestrial magnetism: electro-magnetism strengthens this opinion, and thermoelectricity sanctions the hypothesis. But Mr. Sturgeon says, "whether the main phenomena of terrestrial magnetism be due to circumflowing electric floods, or to some other grand physical cause, there are some minor phenomena which may probably be traced to the influence of other natural agencies: and, independently of any electric currents which it may be supposed to excite, solar heat alone appears to me to play a very active part, and especially in the diurnal variation." His extensive and interesting experiments afford novel results and relations of heat to magnetism, applicable to the solution of the curious and hitherto intricate problem which the needle's diurnal variations have so long presented, and display a rich field of research, which promises an abundant harvest. They originated in a search for thermoelectric currents in a permanent steel magnet. Into the details our space will not allow us to enter, nor will it admit a comprehensive and just report; yet we desire to convey to our scientific readers a clear and concise idea of their tendency and interest. A magnetic needle four inches long, and furnished with an agate cap, supported on a fine steel point in the centre of a graduated circle, was placed on a firm table, and the meridian line of the card properly adjusted to the vertical plane passing through the poles of the needle. In a horizontal plane, four inches higher than that in which the needle was situated, and twelve inches eastward of the needle's point, was placed a flat bar magnet of steel. The dimensions of the bar were eight inches long by one inch broad, and about a quarter of an inch thick. It was well hardened and magnetised, and, when placed nearly parallel to the magnetic meridian, having its centre opposite to the pivot of the needle, and its marked pole southward, the south end of the needle was drawn towards the magnet $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$: a position selected for it to stand in until the heat of a spiral lamp should be applied to the magnet. The flame was placed under the marked end of the magnet. In a very short time the needle was affected, but instead of its south end, which was nearest to the heated pole of the magnet, receding to the meridian, it moved in the contrary direction, and increased the angle of deflection. This novel result led to a continuation of the heating process, and eventually the needle marked an angle of 6.5° , having gained 4° of deflection. On the removal of the lamp, the angle progressively diminished, and finally rested at a deflection of 4° , being 1.5° more than the original angle prior to the application of the lamp. This experiment was several times repeated, with the same results. The lamp was then placed under the unmarked pole of the magnet, and the needle moved towards the meridian

line of the cord; in about ten minutes the deflection was 0° ; but the needle could not be made to pass that point by any continued application of heat. And when the lamp was removed, it gradually came to rest at 2.5° , precisely in its original position prior to the application of heat in the first experiment. These experiments were variously modified; different sized magnets being placed at different distances, east and west, above and below, the needle. The uniformity of the results was very remarkable. The maximum and minimum deflections due to heat was so near to the ratio of 2:1 through the whole series, that representing the transient new force by F , and the resulting permanent new force by f , this simple law is developed by the agency of caloric as a disturbing force.

$$F : f :: 2 : 1, \text{ or } F = 2f.$$

The next point investigated was the existence of electric currents generated by the action of the applied heat, and the results of four experiments "so effectually removed all suspicion of the agency of electric currents being concerned in the production of the phenomena, that it would be totally useless to pursue that part of the inquiry any further. The whole series of phenomena obviously depend upon some direct action of caloric on the original magnetic forces." These and other experiments were corroborative of that law which the first series developed; viz. $F = 2f$, which was thus explained:—"1st law. The pole of each magnet which receives caloric acquires an ascendancy of deflecting force to a certain amount over the other pole, which ascendancy is at a maximum during the supply of caloric. 2d law. When the supply of caloric ceases, the ascendancy of force acquired by the receiving pole lessens, and eventually subsides to about one half of the maximum ascendancy, and retains the latter ascendancy until some extrinsic agent again disturbs the polar forces of the magnet." The non-interference of electric currents having been determined, the next series of experiments disclosed in what manner each individual pole affected the needle, and discovered that the magnetic poles are susceptible of transition from one place to another in the metal by the agency of caloric, and that they move from the point of heat. These polar motions was explanatory of the whole of the phenomena elicited by Mr. Sturgeon's extensive experiments; and many other magnetic phenomena, he says, both artificial and natural, may be attributable to the "same secondary cause, which is itself an effect of the primitive action of caloric." We would here suggest the advantage, in the present stage of electrical science, of avoiding as much as possible the attributing any class of phenomena to a primitive isolated action. Why appear to establish the caloric distinct from the electric or magnetic agent? The sun is the cause, not the source of solar heat: the sun, doubtless, combined with the rotatory motion of the earth, is the cause of electric currents, and hence magnetic action: caloric may be, and properly is, a low electrical power. The whole phenomena of each will, in all likelihood, at some future day, be reduced to a single agent, variously modified; and therefore every "primitive action," explanatory of "secondary causes," that does not also bear upon the whole question, appears to be a check to the progress to that desired end. We believe, however, that Mr. Sturgeon's experiments are means to assist to that end—are links in the chain of facts—that they do bear upon the whole question, and that they admit of a more extended generalisation

than Mr. S. has invested them with. But to proceed to the mode in which Mr. S. applied them to the explication of terrestrial magnetic mutations: every step increases their interest, and we regret that we have not been able, from want of space, to follow the details step by step. The sun's heat is constantly exerted between the magnetic poles of the earth, and not exterior to the axis; and the next experiment ascertained in what manner the magnetic poles were affected by placing the point of heat between them. In one minute both needles (one arranged at each pole) began to move, and in five minutes, each had attained a deflection of 5°, or thereabouts. The deflections shewed that both poles of the magnet had moved outwards, or, as in previous experiments, from the point of heat, and thus was developed a certain determinate action which caloric exercises on the poles of a magnet; viz. "That the magnetic poles move in the direction of the caloric current." Mr. Sturgeon says, "that should this law become established by future experiments, and that it can be proved experimentally that a current of caloric will move the magnetic poles laterally as well as in the direction of the axis, there would be little difficulty in accounting for the revolutions of the terrestrial poles in their respective latitudes." He has no doubt that they are susceptible of a lateral translation by the direct action of solar heat alone; and that by means of a magnetised steel globe and a spiral lamp, their revolutions may be very beautifully imitated. In conclusion, he stated his opinion "that the expansions and contractions of the magnetic axis, as shewn by his experiments, afford sufficient data for supposing that the terrestrial magnetic axis suffers similar mutations by the direct action of the sun, and that the phenomena of diurnal variation, and change of intensity on the needle, are probably traceable to these secondary causes."

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the usual monthly meeting, held on Thursday afternoon, Mr. B. Cabell in the chair, twenty-one fellows, and four corresponding members, were elected. A statement of accounts, very favourable, was read. Some discussion took place in reference to the Sunday admissions to the Gardens: the result is, that an abatement of the practice alluded to may be fairly anticipated.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, 29th Nov.—Anniversary Meeting; J. E. Gray, Esq., in the chair.—Read the report of the council. The number of members elected during the past year was forty-seven; of British plants received, 18,592 specimens, including 1050 species; of foreign plants, about 10,000 specimens, including 4000 species presented by the Botanical Society of Edinburgh (who had also sent a valuable collection of British plants), and others. The council had appointed local secretaries in different parts of the kingdom; also at the Cape of Good Hope and South Australia; and had made arrangements with the Society of Edinburgh for an annual exchange of plants, which would be of advantage to the members of both societies. The report was adopted unanimously. By the ballot for officers for the ensuing year, J. E. Gray, Esq., F.R.S., was re-elected president. He appointed J. G. Children, Esq., V.P.R.S., and Dr. Macreight, F.L.S., vice-presidents. The president's address was congratulatory, pointed out the advantages of an exchange of plants, drew attention to the increase of the Society's Herbarium, from the excursions made

in the neighbourhood of London, and the benefits accruing to each member therefrom; and hoped for continued exertions in this way, as many rare plants had already been collected. The members supped together at the Crown and Anchor.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Nov. 29.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. Brooksbank, Christ Church; W. C. Buller, Fellow of Exeter College; Rev. W. Whitehead, Fellow of Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—A. Robinson, Balliol College, Grand Compunder; H. W. Marychurch, St. Edmund Hall; H. Meux, Christ Church; C. A. Row, Scholar of Pembroke College; E. Rawnsley, Brasenose College; G. Lewis, Queen's College; A. Mills, Balliol College; J. Fuge, Magdalen Hall; W. J. Newman, C. G. Newcomb, Oriel College; C. E. L. Wightman, J. Thompson, T. Atkinson, W. Fawcett, Lincoln College.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 28th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—R. O. Wilson, St. John's College. *Masters of Arts*.—J. O. Seager, Trinity College; R. L. Hill, St. John's College; K. Macaulay, Jesus College; E. Strickland, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. T. Seale, G. T. Warner, M. Wyvill, Trinity College; W. Borer, St. Peter's College; S. Harrison, C. V. Kingston, Clare Hall; H. H. Hastie, Pembroke College; J. Bradley, Corpus Christi College; H. C. Close, Queen's College; G. L. Barker, Christ's College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. LUBBOCK in the chair.—The president's address was read. It briefly stated that circumstances interfering with his Royal Highness's residing in town, he was prevented longer holding the honourable and important office of president; he, therefore, with regret, was obliged to resign, deeply sensible of the efficient assistance he had at all times received from the members of the council, and of the many valuable and delightful friends he had made in connexion with the Royal Society. The address then noticed, in terms of eulogy, the magnetic observations of Captain Sabine, and Professor Gauss of Gottingen, to the latter of whom a Copley medal had been awarded, and which we omitted to mention in our last *Gazette*. On the subject of these observations, it was stated, that of so much importance were they considered abroad, that a number of scientific persons in Norway had, at their own private expense, sent to Siberia for the purpose of making them, though the same parties had just before refused to contribute to the erection of a palace to their sovereign. Sir John Herschel's return was next alluded to. His royal highness then pointed with satisfaction to the nomination of the Marquess of Northampton as his successor to the chair; a nobleman well qualified for such a distinction by his accomplishments, his courteous manners, and warmth of heart. Twenty-seven fellows and four foreign members had died since last anniversary. Amongst the former were Mr. Knight, the late president of the Horticultural Society, well known by his many papers on the economy of vegetation; and the Earl of Eldon, whose academic studies were early closed by his marriage, and who became a great lawyer after narrowly escaping much humbler pursuits. A paper was in part read, being 'Experimental Researches in Electricity,' by Mr. Faraday, fifteenth series. To this able communication we shall hereafter refer. Mr. Lubbock notified that the Marquess of Northampton, as president of the Society, would give four soirées during the ensuing season.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

DEC. 1. Professor Wilson, the director of this Society, in the chair.—The professor stated to

the meeting that his paper 'On the *Foc-kue-ki*,' published in the "Journal" of the Society, had created some interest at Paris; and that he had received from M. Julien a letter, informing him of his success in obtaining a copy of the "Travels of Hwan Thsang," the other Chinese traveller alluded to in that paper, who had travelled in India from A.D. 628 to 649, and who had visited and described 183 states of that country. M. Julien said he had for several years been endeavouring to procure a copy of this work from Canton, without success; but that recently he had received a large cargo of books, brought by couriers, which had been despatched expressly for him, to a distance in the interior of China of 400 leagues from Canton. M. Julien further stated that the difficulty of translating this work was very great, from its ancient and very figurative style, and from its mixture of Sanscrit words disguised by the China mode of writing; and that, in his opinion, no single person in Europe would be able to do it. The director said that a translation of this book would be most interesting to the students of the ancient institutions and history of India. That was, however, more properly a matter for the consideration of the Oriental Translation Committee; but, as the communication was interesting to the Society at large, he thought it right to make it to the meeting.—A paper by Dr. Lhotzky was then read, in elucidation of a grammar of the New Zealand tongue, written by the Rev. Mr. Kendall, deceased, and still remaining in MS. The paper contained several curious remarks on the degree of civilisation to which that interesting nation had attained; and observed, that the grammar embraced much that was interesting in a philosophical point of view, and was not merely a dry collection of rules, valuable only to the student. The connexion of race between the New Zealanders and the Malays, made this grammar interesting to the Society, and its publication would certainly be a useful addition to works on philology.—A paper by Dr. Stevenson, of Bombay, 'On the Ante-Brahminical Worship of the Hindus,' in continuation of one printed in the last Number of the Society's Journal, was read. The author noticed the curious coincidence between the Greek *Δαίμων* and the Sanscrit *Bhuta*, both which words originally signified the highest intelligencies, and afterwards degenerated in meaning, so as to imply an evil spirit; and in the same manner, the Christianised Greeks and Brahmanised Hindus, applied the term to the gods worshipped by their ancestors, or, at least, predecessors. Dr. Stevenson considered the pertinacity with which the common people of India continued to worship these deities in spite of the ridicule cast on them by the Brahmins, a strong proof of the ante-Brahminical nature of the practice. He observed, that in the annals of Ceylon it was admitted, that devil-worship prevailed in that country before the adoption of Buddhism; and this also corroborated his opinion. Those beings were not, however, worshipped in the idea we attach to the term; but they were looked upon with fear, and propitiated much in the same way as an honest citizen pays blackmail to a robber. *Vétal* was the chief of these beings, and he was called by his followers a Deva, or god; and by the Brahmins, a Bhuta, or demon. The writer had, in his former paper, shewn that the emblems by which he is worshipped, are probably representatives of fire; and he was of opinion that the festival of Diwali, which was decidedly in honour of fire or light, was connected in some measure with the worship

of Vétal. There was little doubt, from many of the circumstances attending this festival, that the principal part of it existed previously to the Brahminical ascendancy in India. At the conclusion of the paper, the director remarked that many observations which were true of some parts of India, were not of all parts: the Divali, for example, was little celebrated in Upper India. The paper was interesting as shewing a local practice, although, in his opinion, no universal conclusion should be drawn from its statements. The festivals of India were matters of much interest; and an inquiry into their origin would be a valuable field of research for gentlemen resident in different parts of the country, each of whom might describe such as were familiar in his neighbourhood. The secretary said that, in the south of India, there was little or no Brahmanism among the common people: that all Nagpore, the Bhils, the Ramusees, were non-Brahmins; they had no idea of what we called worship; but their religion consisted solely in propitiating evil. Storms, the smallpox, cholera, &c., received homage, and were saluted with tom-toms, and other modes of shewing respect, or rather fear: that, in short, evil, and not good, was the principal object of religious feeling throughout the southern part of the country.—After another short paper, containing some remarks on a Maldivian vocabulary laid before the meeting, Dr. Royle, the secretary of the Committee of Commerce and Agriculture of the Society, addressed the meeting respecting the attempts at the cultivation of mountain rice, from the Himalayas, in England. He observed, that though the chief object of the committee was to investigate and make known the natural products of India likely to be useful to the arts of Europe, and to introduce into that country plants of profitable culture, yet it also attended to the introduction from thence of plants likely to succeed in England. The Himalayas, for instance, produced numerous trees and shrubs suited to the climate here, many of which, indeed, had withstood the rigours even of the last very severe winter. As a kind of rice was grown on the terraces cut into the sides of the mountains on which these very trees grew in the greatest luxuriance, it had been inferred that it would succeed in any climate where they flourished, and had therefore been repeatedly sent from Nepal to England for cultivation. The trees being perennials, Dr. Royle observed, afforded no hints respecting the cultivation of an annual which required only a few months to bring it to perfection. As to this, it might be objected that barley, which grew on the same mountains, had succeeded in the colder climate of Scotland; it was necessary to recollect that the climate and culture of the Himalayas varied much in different parts in the same months, as well as in the same place at different seasons of the year. Thus, in the interior of these mountains, barley was not sown until May or June, and reaped in August or September; while, on the interior ranges, the harvest was gathering in at the very time the seed was sowing in the interior, or at greater elevations. It is at this season that the rice is sown in places within the influence of the rains, which extends from about the middle of June to the end of September. In some places rice is, and in others it is not, irrigated; but rain falls very frequently, and the air is almost always in a moist state from rising charged with moisture from the heated valleys, and depositing it on the mountains when it reaches an elevation where it becomes cooled below the point of saturation.

The temperature, also, is so uniform as not to vary 10° of Fahr. for three months. The climate of England in a moist summer is too cold, and in a fine one, too dry, for an annual from such a climate; and all the experiments made on the cultivation of this rice in England had, as might indeed have been expected, invariably failed.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY in the chair.—Mr. Hawkins exhibited some ornaments of gold discovered in Ireland, consisting of two splendid torques; two hollow balls, pierced on each side as if to be strung together; and two pieces in the forms supposed by Sir William Betham to be varieties of ancient ring money. Mr. Johnson exhibited a vessel of bronze found in the Isle of Ely, with a straight flat handle at the side, short, but richly ornamented and enamelled. He observed that two similar vessels, with the same maker's name on the handle, in Roman characters, had been discovered in Italy. A further portion was read of Sir Thomas Phillips's communication on the life of Sir Peter Carew, temp. Hen. VIII., and the remainder postponed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.
Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (Polarisation of Light.)
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund (Committee), 3 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Society of Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Physical Society, Guy's Hospital, 8½ P.M.

FINE ARTS.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE GUILDHALL AND CORONATION MEDALS.

THE spirit of intolerant and blind partiality awakened during a late controversy respecting the merits of our chief engravers at the Mint, invigorated as it was by that due share of vanity and dogmatism that usually animates such discussions, ventured further in anticipating private opinion, and assuming the direction of our judgment in matters of taste, has spared us the necessity of being pleased with works of genius, or of possessing any pretensions to knowledge in the arts; nothing more being required than a surrender of any predilection one may possess in favour of merit to that critic who has formed more exalted notions of one artist than he has of another. We need be no longer prying and curious as to whether a production is the *chef-d'œuvre* of a native or a foreigner. The advocate for some individual style has established its claims, and it must be adopted; henceforward, all admiration is to be regulated by the nomenclature of the collector.

The simplicity of a system is assuredly its perfection: and the easy terms laid down for the gratification of men of taste must content them. Now they will have no longer occasion to express a thought, they will only have to restrain their breath in examining medallion works as they would on examining the works of a watch. Another advantage arising out of this system will be obvious, when we consider the quick succession in which the rival works of these masters may follow one another, and that every individual, down to the very beggar in our streets, may possess himself of some of them. What broils may not the community escape! That dangerous modern diffusion of taste is not only fortunately limited, but altogether checked, by a little well-timed arrogance; and the consequence on the general public must be, that it

can never take an interest in the subject of debate as to superiority in skill or abilities. If it were otherwise, we should have every person becoming a partisan, which would go far to stop the circulating medium—one party rejecting a Pistrucci, another refusing a Wyon. Or the multitude, taking upon themselves to regulate the value of our coinage by the esteem in which either artist was held, must bring the whole business of the kingdom into confusion, or to a stand still. But enough of this.

It could not have escaped the notice of those who have devoted the slightest attention to the subject, that the fine arts have undergone repeated changes since their revival. And, again, amongst ourselves and our neighbours, the French, within the last half century, corresponding deviations from its routine course must have been remarked as taking place in the numismatic art. We need only mention the styles of M. Angelo, John of Bologna, the carvings by Verbruggen, the French school, Canova, Chantrey, and the most striking differences and widest departures from the antique will be suggested to the mind. In observing upon those transitions we shall find that some artists adhered only to preconceived maxims, or models; while others abandoned them to pursue some opposite career. Those who have access to a series of medals can readily have this fact exemplified; our space will not admit of such a review: we shall take for our instances only the two last medals of those masters now employed in the mint, which will be sufficient for our purpose of illustrating the utter impossibility of instituting a comparison between styles so much at variance. And, in selecting these, we shall confine our observations to the head alone.

The head on the coronation medal of the Queen, by Pistrucci, is fine in itself, but is defective in likeness. It displays a maternal, solemn aspect worthy of a Cybele; the outline of the nose is flowing: there is a dignity and ease in the profile that would become an ideal character. While the relief given to the eye has an excess of force from the depth given to the angle, the unfinished termination, and the harsh and ragged line of the upper eyelid would betray a feeble, hesitating hand. That species of rotundity obtained at the expense of refinement and delicacy of surface may pass current for power; but such strength of execution, in order to give true force, had better been reserved—yet such was the practice of eminent engravers in the primitive schools—but here we conceive it wasted. The technical beauty called breadth is destroyed by this gross strength, for the protrusion of the maxillary bone flings a deep shadow, and contrasts fatally with a flat throat. A swollen cheek and a scraggy neck produce an unhappy effect. Some tasteless lines falling perpendicularly from the tiara, some of which cling into the ear, pretty clearly hint at a cold in that side of the head. The miserable veil (which we have seen praised), in its downward course, conceals the dubious insertion of that beautiful muscle in the female neck—the platysmus, &c.; the play of which is here sacrificed altogether, without reason, feeling, or consistency. We shall abstain from noticing the hair, already we may be deemed censorious. On the whole we consider it an incomplete work, and unworthy of this master's talents.

Many of his defects we attribute to his being fettered by too close an observance of system, and his deficiencies arise from an undue regard for antique gems, intaglios, and other works of the ancients, which he has so long followed; so

that, candidly speaking, his faults more properly belong to his school than to the artist. Wherever this high and classical taste for authorities held possession exclusively of the schools of Europe, they were poisoned or stunted in their growth. There are those who still indulge a love for any other than the severe, chaste, inflexible, and frigid style acquired by adhering to the antique, to the exclusion of nature altogether from their thoughts and works,—and we would hazard a guess that Pistrucci is one of those.

The head by Wyon is quite of another class; the relief is low, yet it is beautifully rounded by means the most simple, and apparently borrowed from the practice of painters in their best drawings: collecting all the sharp and dark lines for shadows and effective points, slightly finishing the retiring parts, and firmly indicating the prominent. This mode gives great spirit and vivacity of execution, preserves much of graceful lightness and breadth, and a fascinating effect. The countenance is serene and youthful, a sweetness and benignity beams through it; the likeness is well preserved. The eye and nose are delicately drawn; the mouth is skilfully marked; and the sweeping line from the back of the head to the shoulder, admirable: the only point about which we feel some doubts is a straight line above the forehead. If we are not to admire this head upon classical principles, we are more than compensated by its rich, picturesque beauty; the taste of the diadem and the disposal of the hair; the knowledge and admirable truth to nature in the throat; the fulness, the softness, the blending of parts, the fleshiness has seldom been, if ever, surpassed, except by the artist himself.

The style of this head has been fiercely assailed as inferior to the other; it has been predicted that the adoption of it must destroy our national pretensions to excellence or superiority: nevertheless, many entertain the hope of seeing so cruel a fate averted, asserting, with some show of reason, that an artist who founds his taste on well-established principles of imitation, whose practice is equally well directed, whose experience has taught him to use the antique as an elementary guide in his labours, cannot but advance the art. While he whose rigid conformity to ancient authority has transfixed his efforts to a style that admits of no depth of feeling for the varieties in nature, and picturesque effects in her details, and will not move with the progressive advancement of art, must rather appear to retrograde. Now, that portion of the public for whom Mr. Wyon's medal was designed is, we presume, indifferently acquainted with abstract notions of beauty, and would smile at a scientific mode of being pleased with it; without circumlocution, home-bred ideas come near the truth; and Wyon's head will be found more congenial with such English notions than its rival.

We have endeavoured impartially to account for differences in style which may not be faults. To have been more explicit would have been at the expense of the reader's patience, and our comments have stretched to a tedious length. But allowing others to draw their own conclusions, we have candidly laid before them what we conceive to be two distinct manners of treating the same subject.

Cork, October 1, 1838.

Having accorded to these judicious remarks of a correspondent the place which their impartiality and knowledge on a subject of public interest entitled them (without adopting every expression, or embracing every opinion in their

extent), we take leave to add some rather curious communications relative to the same question. One writer says:—

"There has been lately much keen controversy respecting the comparative merits of the two celebrated medalists, Messrs. Wyon and Pistrucci; and it may appear that the subject is now exhausted. Certainly 'The Times' have had a surfeit, and refuse any longer to allow their columns to be occupied with further communications regarding those professional rivals. Their claims have been urged by their respective advocates, and one of the most gen-

erally writers is Nicholas Carlisle, Esq. F.S.A., who very ably defends Mr. Wyon, and objects to Mr. Pistrucci's want of originality in design, and ability in execution, while at the same time there is no lack of the spirit of assumption, and pretension to both.

"The splendid work, entitled, 'Description des principales Pierres Gravées, du Cabinet de S.A.S. Monseigneur le Duc d'Orléans,' Paris, 1780, folio, contains numerous beautiful engravings of all the works of art in that surpassing collection; and at page 179 is seen a cameo, 'Bataille Coquille,' of which we annex



a copy. There is here so striking an identity of design with that of Pistrucci's St. George and the Dragon on the reverse of the coin, that it is not easy to suppose the similarity matter of accident.* In comparing the two, we find the head of the figure a little changed, and the position of the leg somewhat altered; but the whole design closely corresponds with the horseman in this battle, even to the flow of the drapery and other minutiae. The dragon occupies the place of the overthrown combatants, and the wing is inclined to St. George, exactly as the leg of the horse stands in the antique design. Pistrucci may maintain that this engraving was unknown to him, and that two persons may, without the slightest communication, produce designs so much alike, as to appear in one case or the other to be copied. It is not perhaps entirely impossible for such a circumstance to occur, but its improbability is too great to give any weight to such a defence, and the suspicion is so well grounded as to amount to positive proof.

"It is not very flattering to native talent to see the name of a foreigner on the British coin, and it much increases our regret to find that a design, passed as original, is but a servile copy of a well-known relic of art.

"There are some remarks on this cameo which are very applicable to such artists as come under the description of mere copyists—whose talent, as it is said, depends solely on attention to the model, in the absence of which they can execute nothing—not possessing any originality of conception, and being accordingly, in 'the Republic of the Arts,' very properly considered second-rate citizens.

"We shall give an extract: 'Parmi les différentes attitudes qui on peut donner aux êtres animés, il en est plusieurs qui presque aussi momentanées que les traits subit, par lesquelles les passions se décelent, ne sauroient être saisies et

rendues avec succès que par le très-petit nombre des artistes observateurs dont l'imagination est assez tendre pour recevoir sur le champ l'impression de ces objets fugitifs, et assez forte pour la conserver et reproduire ces objets au besoin. Ceux qui, comme un certain Dionysius chez les anciens, et comme le Caravazze chez les modernes, ne savent peindre que ce qu'ils ont sous les yeux, et dont le talent dépend tellement de la présence du modèle, que sans le modèle ils ne sont plus rien, quelque fidèles, quelque frappantes que soient leur imitations, ne doivent être regardée dans la république des arts, que comme des citoyens du second ordre."

Another correspondent on the same design, observes:—"The George and Dragon on the sovereign, substitutes the bridle for the shield in the left hand; this produces no change whatever in the outline—the only change is in the leg of the horseman, which is right in the original: for when a horse rears, the rider, to keep his seat, must bend his legs—Pistrucci has straightened them,

'And what he steals he spoils.'—SARS.

"The artist or his advocates, stuck on a horse as represented on the coin, would afford as much fun as the 'Tailor riding to Brentford.' In the original, the figure is correctly seated for the action—on the coin, altered only for the sake of alteration, the action is impossible."

A fourth writes us:—"The alteration in the arm with the shield was not Pistrucci's—the original model by him, copied as it now appears from the 'Orléans Gem,' included the left arm, as in the original. Lord Maryborough objected to it, and said it looked like St. George's credentials, and would have it altered. Pistrucci refused, and Lord Maryborough sent to Thomas Wyon, then the chief engraver in the Mint, and directed him to make the alteration, as Pistrucci (Lord M. said) was so obstinate that he could not manage him: but he would have it altered. The change that now exists on the crowns and sovereigns was Thomas Wyon's—he, of course, did not know whence Pistrucci had taken it, or that he had borrowed it at all."

* The probability is so great that Sig. Pistrucci must have seen this work, that it would be an impeachment of his education in his art, not to have studied a work of such importance, which directly appertains to it.

THE LATE DR. VALPY.

WE were gratified on Thursday by the view of a statue of the late venerable Teacher at Reading, whose long-established reputation has well entitled his memory to a monument on the scene of his great scholastic exertions and extensive usefulness. It is the production of Mr. Samuel Nixon, and sculptured from a single block of stone from the quarries of Roche Abbey, about twelve miles from Doncaster. The figure is standing in an easy and dignified attitude, and in a canonical dress. The likeness is good; and the material is of a fine colour, and peculiarly well adapted for works of this kind. The annexed is the epitaph.

M. S.
RICARDI VALPY, S.T.P.

Qui
Scholæ Readingensi
annos amplius præfuit,
summâ ingenii, doctrinæ, benevolentie laude floruit,
singularem famæ celebritatem
scriptis suis et docendi peritiâ assensum est,
discipulis maximâ frequentâ huc convenientes
ad humanitatem, virtutem, pietatem,
curâ et præceptis fideliter informavit,
optimarum lîpæ artium et virtutum omnium
exemplar simul et magister :
hoc qualecunque monumentum
præceptoris sui quasi sancti parentis
grate memores
nonnulli ex alumnis
ponendum curaverunt.
Decessit Londini V. Kal. Apr. A.D. M.DCCC.XXXVII.
ætatis suæ LXXXL
et in Cœmeterio juxta viam Harroviensem
sepultus est.

In the same gallery we observed, with great satisfaction, some of the sculptor's other performances, which do honour to his genius. An Alpine Wolf and Heron is particularly bold and spirited; and a number of small sketches of various characters are executed in a style almost new to this country; very natural, and fine as ornaments for the drawing-room or library.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Victoria R. Painted by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; Engraved by S. Cousins, A.R.A. Moon.

WHEN the noble drawing from which this noble plate has been executed was exhibited at Mr. Moon's house, Threadneedle Street, under the title of "State Portrait of Her Majesty," we warmly expressed the admiration with which its beauty, its delicacy, its spirit, and its dignity, inspired us. The feeling is renewed and strengthened, when we look at Mr. Cousins's happy version of it. How astonished would the mezzotinto engravers of the last century—some of them very clever men too, in their way—be, to see of what their peculiar art is capable at the present day! How little they could have anticipated the freedom, the facility, the precision, the tenderness, the absence of all heaviness and muddiness, by which such *chefs-d'œuvre* as that under our notice are distinguished! By what other mode of engraving could the small but animated features of her Majesty have been more exquisitely marked? By what other mode of engraving could the texture of the various descriptions of drapery and ornament, and of the skillfully introduced accessories of the composition, have been more characteristically discriminated? Universally popular as our beloved Queen is, we really regret that necessary circumstances must confine the pleasure of possessing this charming portrait to the more affluent classes of her Majesty's loyal subjects.

A Book of the Passions. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Illustrated with Sixteen Engravings. Longman and Co.

THE Passions! Numerous must be the opportunities of study, keen must be the observation,

powerful must be the pencil of the artist, who can adequately depict

"Those vultures of the breast."

With three exceptions,—the passions of "Remorse," "Revenge," and "Despair," subjects from domestic life, very skillfully treated in their way; the first, by E. Corbould (engraved by L. Stocks); the second, by H. Meadows (engraved by J. Portbury); the third, by J. J. Jenkins (engraved by L. Stocks);—the plates before us are not, however, representations of the passions, but graceful and various illustrations of the text. Six of them are female heads; of which "Leonora," engraved by H. Robinson, from a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; "Laura," engraved by W. H. Mote, from a drawing by T. P. Stephanoff; and "Maria de Arquas," engraved by W. Holl, from a drawing by E. Corbould, are highly attractive. The remaining plates possess great merit, especially "Laura and her Husband," engraved by F. Bacon, from a drawing by F. P. Stephanoff, the perspective of the figures in which is beautifully managed; "The Count de Foix and Blanche of Navarre," engraved by L. Stocks, from a drawing by E. Corbould, an elegant composition; and "Don Juan and the Waiting-maid," engraved by J. Goodyear, from a drawing by E. Corbould, in which there is a singularly happy effect of light and shade.

Miss P. Horton as Ariel. Drawn by H. Johnston; Lithographed by Weld Taylor. Maclean.

ONE of the best theatrical portraits of the season, and faithfully representing this clever actress in one of the numerous expressions and attitudes in which she so admirably personates this part. On the subject of the *Tempest*, and its triumphant revival by Macready, we have pleasure in adding a sonnet by a correspondent.

Thou hast and loveliest of the enchanter's dreams!
Haunt of delicious airs, that float and swell
In requiem of his art,—thou soft farewell
To his "rough magic" and heart-piercing themes!
Even as that folding star that with his beams
Doth shut the day, in beauty hath no peer*
(As vouch'd the old man by the Ionian streams),
Is thy last crowning radiance mirror'd here.
And thou, the gorgeous Drama's worthiest son,
Wear for thy glorious art this wreath renown—
Won't mid the grating shouts that shook
The renovated fane, erewhile her tomb—
Thou who hast wisely dared to reassume
His Prospero's weird staff and buried book! J. H. F.

The Miraculous Draught of Fishes. Designed and Drawn by Raffaele; Etched on Steel by J. Barret.

THIS is the fourth of the series of Mr. Barret's plates etched in his new method; and is, in our opinion, superior in execution to any of its predecessors. The cartoon itself (notwithstanding the criticism about the little boats) has always been one of our favourites. Nothing can be finer than the way in which the great artist, from whose pencil it proceeded, has made the interest accompany the line and the light of the composition; from the comparative apathy of the steersman at the one extremity, through the laborious efforts of the sons of Zebedee, the awakened sense of the presence of Divine power in Andrew, and the enthusiastic adoration of Simon Peter, to the calm dignity of the Saviour, at the other. It is, perhaps, not generally known that, many years ago, a considerable portion of each side of this cartoon was cut off, for the purpose of

* Ἐστῆς, ὁ καλλίστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἱστανταύς ἀντὶς.—J. X.

making it fit into the panel of a room in Hampton Court Palace!!!

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. CHARLES NESBIT, THE ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

THIS able artist died at Brompton, on the 11th ult., in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was a native of Swalwell, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was apprenticed to the celebrated Bewick at an early age. His talents in wood engraving were of the first order. He was awarded the gold palette of the Society of Arts for his famous view of St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, which he executed upon no less than twelve distinct blocks of wood; and, in 1802, he also received the Society's silver medal. His illustrations of "Hudibras," and Shakspeare, and of Sir Egerton Brydges' Works, gained him unequalled praise from every admirer of the arts. After practising for some time in London, he retired to his native village, where, for a number of years, he executed work sent down to him from the metropolis; and it was during an absence from home, on a visit to the scene of his early labours, that he breathed his last.

DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—The opera of *Guillaume Tell* has been brought out here with the full score, and all the musical strength of the company. These, with the scenic attractions of Messrs. Griesers, form altogether a capital opera. Braham and Miss Romer distinguish themselves greatly; and only the extreme length of the performance (above four hours), and the farrago of the English translation, diminish the pleasure to be received from this revival of one of Rossini's best compositions—formerly known to us as "Hofer, or the Tell of the Tyrol."

Covent Garden.—*William Tell* has also been produced here with great effect. To the admirable acting of Macready, and a very strong cast of the other parts of Knowles's play, Mr. T. Cooke has added the grand choruses and concerted pieces of the musician, which came in beautifully. They are done in splendid style.

Adelphi.—*The Wreck at Sea; or, Fern Light*, has been produced here with excellent scenery. We must confess our strong objection to have such subjects dramatised; even while we are yet reading in the newspapers of the fatal issues of similar appalling accidents.

Carlos Segundo: a Spanish Tragedy.

THIS play, which has created a strong sensation in Madrid, is certainly a singular production. It has recently been noticed in the "New Monthly Magazine," but the writer of the article there, while carefully describing the deep and solemn interest which grows on the working out of the plans of a designing monk with all the horrors of the Inquisition at his command, passes over some of the very curious matter in juxta-position, which, though not intended mirthfully to relieve the sterner scenes, would, on the English stage, have that effect. Some of the business of the Spanish play would be inadmissible in an English tragedy. A mob scrambling for bread at a baker's door, and the invasion of a tavern and a gunsmith's shop by the populace, would be thought, in this country, too much like pantomime to be admitted into association with *Melpomene*. But the scenes connected with the exorcising of the king, who is supposed to be possessed of an evil spirit, are not without interest. They are

written by an author who knew what he was about; and it is easy to conceive that in the exposition of the pious frauds which had been sanctioned by the Spanish clergy, he meant to open the eyes of his priest-ridden countrymen to the degradation brought upon them in the eyes of the rest of the world by their wretched bigotry and hateful superstition.

The king being afflicted with a malady which does not yield to ordinary treatment, it is proposed to exorcise him; and for this purpose the curate Albana, a man who has done wonders in this way, is introduced as one whom Satan had good cause to remember. The king at first shrinks with horror from encountering a person who had conversed with the great enemy of man, but when this is got over, he is curious to know how the devil is treated by this formidable curate. A translation which we have seen gives the following amusing particulars of the method he used:

King. That he who rules the sky has power to heal, I question not; but why a miracle Should he perform, or authorise for me?

Curate. Nay, when so many of the lowest here Have seemed new Bethesda's spring to find, Why should one instance of relenting love To you, a Christian monarch, be denied?

King. But have you known a case so sad as mine Where Satan was incarnate?

Curate. Sir, I have.
King. And did you drive the culprit spirit out From the unhappy man?

Curate. It was no man, It was a nun. Your majesty shall learn That I am curate to a sisterhood, Who to the Virgin of the rosary Have given their vows.

King. And can these holy maids Know evil spirits?

Curate. None can that deny.
King. And I was, therefore, called to exorcise; Through purgatory I myself am passing, While I, forgive me, Heaven! call on the name Of Lucifer.

Curate. And were the sufferers cured?

Curate. 'Twas found impossible.
King. Why, then, what hope Remains for me?

Curate. The best, my gracious sire. You are a man, and from a man 'tis known The devil frequently has been expelled: But sad experience, through all ages, proves When once the devil has possessed a woman, No power could ever, ever drive him out.

King. And tell me, through trembling while I ask, I pant with curiosity to know, Speaks Lucifer to you as man to man?

Curate. Even as I now, but not with such respect, Speak with your majesty.

King. Remember, sire, This only when the church is such me, permits.
Curate. King. And when you question, secrets to your ear Will he unfold?

Curate. Not if he can escape; And cunningly he labours to evade.

For Lucifer, believe me, is no fool.

King. But how can you compel him?

Curate. Of the cross, I in his presence make the sacred sign; Next words mysterious, awful to repeat, Like thunders burst into his startled ear; Then holy water, sprinkled, frets the fiend, As molten lead would grieve a mortal's flesh, And kindling tapers, their celestial fires Flaring in his eyes—a terrifying glare; And he bawls wildly to his foe.

Curate. Indeed!
Curate. Strangely distorted, the afflicted nun Unites her voice to her tormentor's cries, That he may not be to the altar borne; But there obedience he is forced to swear.

King. To whom?
Curate. To me: obedience to this point— That he shall to my questions make reply. Then vanquished, still meek, in a woman's case, The enemy will not resign the field.

King. And by what oath do you control his tongue?

Curate. By that men use.

King. Is he a Christian, then?
Curate. Yes, for the time, most fervent and devout, But afterwards his blasphemy breaks forth; As men you see, meek, saintlike, and demure, anon become most friendlike in their ways.

The curate is shewn to be an impostor, not only in pretending to cast out evil spirits, but all through his life. He is, however, tolerated, and assured of advancement by Froilan, the king's confessor, on condition that he shall lend

himself to his base designs. Of course he consents, and the confidential dialogues of these worthies, entertaining here, must have been still more pungent elsewhere, and were, perhaps, among the causes of the original success of the play at Madrid.

VARIETIES.

H. B. has been eminently successful in three new *coups* (Nos. 561, 562, 563), of numerous figures, and in his very best style. The first is "Van Amburgh Outdone;" O'Connell as the wild beast tamer, and the cabinet and lord lieutenant of Ireland as the animals. Their postures are admirable, fawning, sprawling, cringing, and playing with the master: the likenesses, also, are happy hits. It must be seen to be fully appreciated. The next, "A Scene from Macbeth," is, if possible, of greater graphic power. Lord Durham, as the Ghost of Banquo, is a superb bit; and Lord Melbourne, as Macbeth, "Thou canst not say I did it," no less excellent. The dismay of his colleagues and company is portrayed with every variety of humorous and characteristic horror, while the queen, bidding them stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once, is a charming sketch of our young lady sovereign. The last, "A Row in the Play-Ground," is a happy caricature of the affairs of Canada. Durham has got a black eye; Brougham exults in the blow; and ministers use many ways to get it passed over, apparently without effect. The scroll legends from their mouths are too long to copy; but they tell the story both completely and satirically.

Almanacks.—1. The British and Companion, (C. Knight); 2. Murphy's Weather (Whittaker); 3. Simmonite's Meteorologist (Limbird). The first of these, 350 pages, is, as heretofore, full of useful information; and several of the essays in the Companion are of much value. Together with all the usual tables, references, &c. &c., there are many articles on natural history, public health, statistics, recent legislation, and public improvements, of sterling character and general interest. Of Mr. Murphy's prophecies for the ensuing year, we need only say, that he boasts of his past predictions having been tolerably well borne out, and is equally confident of the future. On the grand question of the solar system, he differs from Sir Isaac Newton; and his French language (p. 7) is most amusing. In Mr. W. J. Simmonite, who it seems has astonished York and Lancashire by the accuracy of his weather wisdom in the "Sheffield Iris," Mr. M. has a direct opponent. He is, he tells us, not a theorist, but a man of many years' practical experience, and on a comparison we find that either he or Mr. Murphy (or, may be, both!) must be most egregiously mistaken in the rain, hail, snow, sunshine, and thunder, of the approaching year.

New Fruit (not at the Horticultural meeting).—A wag, reading the usual Court circulars, which have of late so frequently announced the company of Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston with the Queen, observed that these noble statesmen seemed to him to be no better than "a Windsor pair."

The Ideal.—While among the Indians, I often had occasion to observe that what we call "the antique" and "the ideal" are merely free, unstudied nature. Since my return from Canada, I have seen some sketches made by Mr. Harvey when in Ireland—figures of the Cork and Kerry girls, folded in their large blue cloaks; and I remember, on opening the book, I took them for drawings after the antique—figures brought from Herculaneum or Pompeii, or some

newly discovered Greek temple.—*Mrs. Jameson's Canada.*

The Fine Arts in the West Indies.—An advertiser in the "Grenada Gazette" announces that he is landing for sale a variety of articles, viz. Poland oats, navy bread, split pease, candles, nails, ale, stout, tobacco, rice, pitch, resin, soap, &c. The list concludes with "Twenty-four oil-paintings of Scottish scenery, and a general assortment of dry goods."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We understand that Mr. Mansell Mortimer Tucker, a gentleman whose long residence in Italy has rendered him extensively familiar with the history of the middle ages, as more especially connected with that country, is about to publish, in Paris, a work under the title of "Alberico, Tyrant of Treviso," illustrative of the character and customs of the earlier Italians.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

An Introduction to the Modern Classification of Insects, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. 2 vols. 8vo. (Vol. I.) 2s. 6d. S. Cooper's Dictionary of Practical Surgery, 7th edit. corrected and much enlarged, 1 vol. 8vo. 30s.—Observations on the Foundation of Morals, suggested by Whewell's Sermons, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Practical Synopsis of the Diseases of the Skin, by R. Hunt, fcap. 5s.—Tables for the Calculation of the Value of Land, by R. Duffy, 12mo. 4s.—The Ladies' Knitting and Netting Book, 2d. edit. 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Dr. Lingard's History of England, Vol. IX. 12mo. 5s.—The Works of Ben Jonson, with a Life by Barry Cornwall, 1 vol. med. 8vo. 24s.—Papa's Book, by B. H. Draper, fcap. 3s. 6d.—Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada, by Mrs. Jameson, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Genealogical Chart of English and Scotch History, with a Guide, by Miss Gordon, 18s.—New Juvenile Keepsake, 1839; Traits and Trials of Early Life, by Miss Landon, fcap. 5s.—Burke's Landed Gentry, Vol. IV. (small paper edition), completing the Work, 8vo. 18s.—Bentley's Miscellany, Vol. IV. 8vo. 16s.—Sergeant Bell and his Rascal Show, square, 7s. 6d.—Family Library, Vol. LXVI. Chronicles of London Bridge, 5s.—Parley's Tales about Rome and Modern Italy, square, 4s. 6d.—H. Pyne's Tithe Tables, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Del Mar's Spanish and English Dialogues, square, 3s. 6d.—Count Krasinski's History of the Reformation in Poland, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Travels in Town, by the Author of "Random Recollections," 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Sermons on the Canticles, by Dr. F. W. Krummacher, 4to. 36s.—Westwood's Entomologist's Text Book, 12mo. 6s. 6d. plain; 8s. 6d. coloured.—Eulerstein's Introduction to German, fcap. 4s.—Dr. Coke and Moore's Life of Wesley, 24mo. 2s. 6d.—The Religions of Profane Antiquity, by J. Duncan, 12mo. 7s.—The Life and Times of Archbp. Sharp, by T. Stephen, 8vo. 14s.—H. C. Carey (of Philadelphia) on the Production of Wealth, 8vo. 12s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1838.

| November. | Thermometer. | Barometer. |
|-------------------|---------------|-------------------|
| Thursday . . . 29 | From 37 to 50 | 28.62 to 28.75 |
| Friday . . . 30 | 44 . . . 51 | 28.85 . . . 29.10 |
| December. | | |
| Saturday . . . 1 | 43 . . . 47 | 29.45 . . . 29.40 |
| Sunday . . . 2 | 44 . . . 49 | 29.36 . . . 29.43 |
| Monday . . . 3 | 42.5 . . . 49 | 29.39 . . . 29.40 |
| Tuesday . . . 4 | 37 . . . 49 | 29.45 . . . 29.58 |
| Wednesday 5 | 32 . . . 47 | 29.69 . . . 29.94 |

Winds S.W.

Except the 3d and 4th, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain. On the morning of the 29th, from two to three o'clock, this neighbourhood was visited with one of the most awfully grand storms which, perhaps, has ever been witnessed. The which had been, during the whole of the previous night, blowing in violent gusts, was, by two o'clock, at a height scarcely less than during the hurricane of the 29th ult. (see *Life*, &c. No. 1137), accompanied by peals of thunder and flashes of lightning of the most vivid and brilliant description. In our last we called the attention of the readers to the low state of the barometer, but that registered on the 29th, shortly after the storm just noticed, is lower by .03, and has not been equalled since the year 1820.

A halo round the moon on the evening of the 30th ult.

Between eight and twenty minutes past eight on the evening of the 5th, seven meteors were seen; two with small trains, the rest merely having the appearance of a small shooting star.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and .895 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not know any thing about Captain Pidding's tea.

We have been obliged to postpone report on Geographical Society.

ERRATUM.—In the notice of the late John Taylor, Esq. which appeared in our last Number, the story of "Frank Hayman and the Hare," was erroneously attributed to the pen of Colman. It was written by the late Mr. John Taylor, the author of "Monsieur Tomson."

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